

# THE LIVING AGE:

*A Weekly Magazine of Contemporary Literature and Thought.*

(FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.)

SEVENTH SERIES  
VOLUME XVII.

NO. 3047. NOV. 29, 1902.

FROM BEGINNING  
Vol. CXXXV.

---

## MR. GLADSTONE.\*

Ladies and gentlemen, I am here to-day to unvell the image of one of the great figures of our country. It is right and fitting that it should stand here. A statue of Mr. Gladstone is congenial in any part of Scotland. But in this Scottish city, teeming with eager workers, endowed with a great University, a centre of industry, commerce, and thought, a statue of William Ewart Gladstone is at home. But you in Glasgow have more personal claims to a share in the inheritance of Mr. Gladstone's fame. I, at any rate, can recall one memory, the record of that marvellous day in December, 1879, nearly 23 years ago, when the indomitable old man delivered his Rectorial address to the students at noon, a long political speech in St. Andrews-hall in the evening, and a substantial discourse on receiving an address from the corporation at 10 o'clock at night. Some of you may have been present at all these gatherings, some only at the political meeting. If they were they may remember the little incidents of the meeting, the glasses which were hopelessly lost and then, of course, found on the orator's person, the desperate

candle brought in stuck in a water-bottle to attempt sufficient light to read an extract. And what a meeting it was—teeming, delirious, absorbed. Do you have such meetings now? They seem to me pretty good, but the meetings of that time stand out before all others in my mind. This statue is erected not out of the national subscription, but by contributions from men of all creeds in Glasgow and in the West.

I must, then, in what I have to say leave out altogether the political aspect of Mr. Gladstone. In some cases such a rule would omit all that was interesting in a man. There are characters from which if you subtracted politics there would be nothing left. It was not so with Mr. Gladstone. To the great mass of his fellow-countrymen he was, of course, a statesman, wildly worshipped by some, wildly detested by others. But to those who were privileged to know him, his politics seemed but the least part of him. The predominant part to which all else was subordinated was his religion. The life which seemed to attract him most was the life of the library; the subject which engrossed him most was the subject of the moment, whatever it might be, and that when he was out of office

\* Address delivered by Lord Rosebery at the unveiling of a statue of William Ewart Gladstone, at Glasgow, October 13, 1902.

was very rarely politics. Indeed, I sometimes doubt whether his natural bent was towards politics at all. Had his course taken him that way, as it very nearly did, he would have been a great Churchman, greater perhaps than any that this island has known. He would have been a great professor if you could have found a University big enough to hold him. He would have been a great historian, a great bookman. He would have grappled with whole libraries, and wrestled with academies had the fates placed him in a cloister. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive the career, except perhaps the military, in which his energy and intellect and application would not have placed him on a summit. Politics, however, took him and claimed his life-service, but, jealous mistress as she is, could never thoroughly absorb him. Such powers as I have indicated seem to belong to a giant and a prodigy, and I can understand many turning away from the contemplation of such a character feeling that it is too far removed from them to interest them, and it is too unapproachable to help them—like reading of Hercules and Hector, mythical heroes, whose achievements the actual living mortal cannot hope to rival. Well, that is true enough. We have not received intellectual faculties equal to Mr. Gladstone's, and we cannot hope to tie with him in the exercise, but, apart from them, his great force was character, and amid the vast multitude that I am addressing there is none who may not be helped by him.

The three signal qualities which made him what he was were courage, industry, and faith—dauntless courage, unflagging industry, a faith which was part of his fibre—these were the levers with which he moved the world. I do not speak of his religious faith. That demands a worthier speaker and another occasion, but

no one who knew Mr. Gladstone could fail to see that it was the essence, the savor, the motive power of his life. Strange as it may seem, I cannot doubt that, while this attracted many to him, it alienated others—others, not themselves irreligious, but who suspected the sincerity of so manifest a devotion, and who, reared in the moderate atmosphere of the time, disliked the intrusion of religious considerations into politics. These, however, though numerous enough, were the exceptions, and it cannot, I think, be questioned that Mr. Gladstone not merely raised the tone of public discussion, but quickened and renewed the religious feeling of the society in which he moved. But that is not the faith of which I am thinking to-day. What is present to me is the faith with which he espoused and pursued great causes. There, also, he had faith sufficient to move mountains, and did sometimes move mountains. He did not lightly resolve. He came to no hasty conclusion, but when he had convinced himself that a cause was right, it engrossed him, it inspired him with a certainty as deep-seated and as imperious as ever moved mortal man. To him, then, obstacles, objections, counsels of doubters and critics were as naught. He pressed on with the passion of a whirlwind, but also with the steady persistence of some puissant machine. He had, of course, like every statesman, often to traffic with expediency. He had always, I suppose, to accept something less than his ideal, but his unquenchable faith, not in himself, though that with experience must have waxed strong—not in himself, but in his cause—sustained him among the necessary shifts and transactions of the moment, and kept his head high in the heavens. Such faith, such moral conviction, is not given to all men, for all the treasures of his nature were

in ingots, and not in dust; but there is perhaps no man without some faith in some cause or some person. If so, let him take heart, in however small a minority he may be, by remembering how mighty a strength was Gladstone's power of faith.

His next great force lay in his industry. I do not know if the aspersions of "ca' canny" be founded, but, at any rate, there was no "ca' canny" about him. From his earliest school-days, if tradition be true, to the bed of death he gave his full time and energy to work. No doubt his capacity for labor was unusual. He would sit up all night writing a pamphlet and work next day as usual. An eight-hours day would have been a holiday to him, for he preached and practised the gospel of work to its fullest extent. He did not indeed disdain pleasure. No one enjoyed physical exercise, or a good play, or a pleasant dinner more than he. He drank in deep draughts of the highest and the best that life had to offer, but even in pastime he was never idle. He did not know what it was to saunter. He debited himself with every minute of his time. He combined with the highest intellectual powers the faculty of utilizing them to the fullest extent by intense application. Moreover, his industry was prodigious in result, for he was an extraordinarily rapid worker. Dumont says of Mirabeau that till he met that extraordinary man he had no idea of how much could be compressed into a day. "Had I not lived with him," he says, "I should not know what can be accomplished in a day—all that can be compressed into an interval of 12 hours." A day was worth more to him than a week or a month to others. Many men can be busy for hours with a mighty small product but with Mr. Gladstone every minute was fruitful. That, no doubt, was largely due to his

marvellous powers of concentration. When he was staying at Dalmeny in 1879 he kindly consented to sit for his bust. The only difficulty was that there was no time for sittings, so the sculptor with his clay model was placed opposite Mr. Gladstone as he worked, and they spent the mornings together, Mr. Gladstone writing away and the clay figure of himself, less than a yard off, gradually assuming shape and form. Anything more distracting I cannot conceive, but it had no effect on the busy patient. And now let me make a short digression. I saw recently in the newspapers that there was some complaint of the manners of the rising generation in Glasgow. If that be so they are heedless of Mr. Gladstone's example. It might be thought that so impetuous a temper as his might be occasionally rough or abrupt. That was not so. His exquisite urbanity was one of his most conspicuous graces. I do not now only allude to that grave, old-world courtesy which gave so much distinction to his private life, for his sweetness of manner went far beyond demeanor. His spoken words, his letters even when one differed from him most acutely were all marked by this special note. He did not like people to disagree with him—few people do—but, so far as manner went, it was more pleasant to disagree with Mr. Gladstone than to be in agreement with some others.

Lastly, I come to his courage. That, perhaps, was his greatest quality, for when he gave his heart and reason to a cause he never counted the cost. Most men are physically brave and this nation is reputed to be especially brave, but Mr. Gladstone was brave among the brave. He had to the end the vitality of physical courage. When well on in his ninth decade, well on to 90, he was knocked over by a cab and before the by-standers could rally to his assistance he had

pursued the cab with a view to taking its number. He had, too, notoriously, political courage in a not less degree than Sir Robert Walpole. We read that George II., who was little given to enthusiasms, would often cry out with color flushing into his cheeks, and tears sometimes in his eyes, and with a vehement oath, "He (Walpole) is a brave fellow; he has more spirit than any man I ever knew." Mr. Gladstone did not yield to Walpole in political and Parliamentary courage. It was a quality which he closely observed in others, and on which he was fond of descanting, but he had the rarest and choicest courage of all—I mean moral courage. That was his supreme characteristic, and it was with him like the others from the first. A contemporary of his at Eton once told me of a scene at which my informant was present when some loose or indelicate toast was proposed and all present drank it but young Gladstone. In spite of the storm of objurgation and ridicule that raged around him he jammed his face, as it were, down in his hands on the table and would not budge. Every schoolboy knows—for we may here accurately use Macaulay's well-known expression—every schoolboy knows the courage that this implies, and even by the heedless generation of boyhood it was appreciated, for we find an Etonian writing to his parents to ask that he might go to Oxford rather than Cambridge on the sole ground that at Oxford he would have the priceless advantage of Gladstone's influence and example. Nor did his courage ever flag. He might be right, or he might be wrong—that is not the question here—but when he was convinced that he was right not all the combined powers of Parliament or society or the multitude, could for an instant hinder his course, whether it ended in success or in failure. Success left him calm;

he had had so much of it. Nor did failures greatly depress him; the next morning found him once more facing the world with serene and undaunted brow. There was a man.

The nation has lost him, but preserves his character, his manhood, as a model on which she may form, if she be fortunate, coming generations of men. With his politics, with his theology, with his manifold grace and gifts of intellect, we are not concerned to-day, not even with his warm and passionate human sympathies. They are not dead with him, but let them rest with him, for we cannot in one discourse view him in all his parts. To-day it is enough to have dealt for a moment on three of his great moral characteristics, enough to have snatched from the fleeting hours a few moments of communion with the mighty dead. History has not yet allotted him his definite place, but no one would now deny that he bequeathed a pure standard of life, a record of lofty ambition for the public good as he understood it, a monument of life-long labor. Such lives speak for themselves. They need no statues. They face the future with the confidence of high purpose and endeavor. The statues are not for them but for us—to bid us be conscious of our trust, mindful of our duty, scornful of opposition to principle and faith. They summon us to account for time and opportunity. They embody an inspiring tradition. They are milestones in the life of a nation. The effigy of Pompey was bathed in the blood of his great rival; let this statue have the nobler destiny of constantly calling to life worthy rivals of Gladstone's fame and character. Unveil then that statue. Let it stand to Glasgow in all time coming for faith, fortitude, courage, industry, qualities apart from intellect or power or wealth, which may inspire all her citizens, however hum-



ble, however weak. Let it remind the most unthinking passer-by of the dauntless character which it represents, of his long life of high and honorable service.

The London Times.

est purpose. Let it leaven by an immortal tradition the population which lives and works and dies around this monument.

### LAMARCK, DARWIN, AND WEISMANN.\*

It is no doubt true that in some sense or other "we are all evolutionists now." As Lord Salisbury said at Oxford in 1894, Darwin "has, as a matter of fact, disposed of the doctrine of the immutability of the species." The theory of development by descent in the animal and vegetable kingdoms is universally received among men of science, and is at the present day as much a part of the popular view of nature as are the great generalizations of geology or the Copernican account of the solar system.

But with all this agreement as to the central fact of organic evolution, there is still much difference of opinion in regard to the methods of the process. Those who are absolutely at one as to the end are often at complete variance as to the means. On the one side we have a school of biologists who assert that the scientific view of evolution practically begins with Darwin and Wallace, and that even Darwin himself injured his argument by preserving too many of the older notions and by refraining from carrying out his own principles to their legitimate conclusion. On the other side there are those who argue that Darwin's distinctive theory of natural selection is utterly inadequate as an explanation of the origin of

species, and who fall back upon views more or less resembling those held by Buffon, Lamarck, and St. Hilaire at least a century ago. A third party, while recognizing natural selection as a *vera causa*, declines to consider it as incompatible with the factors relied on by the earlier transformists, and appeals to the example of Darwin himself in justification of the attempt to reconcile the old with the new conception of organic evolution.

The conflict of opinion here briefly sketched has not unnaturally led to some confusion in the minds of those who for various reasons are unable to keep pace with the rapidly changing phases of scientific controversy. It is somewhat perplexing, for instance, to be told that Darwin's own system is discredited, while the general theory that he did so much to establish rests on a firmer foundation than ever. On the one hand it is alleged that his work in the cause of evolution is only likely to be permanent in so far as it follows the lines previously laid down by Lamarck; on the other hand the recognition by Darwin of the validity of the "Lamarckian factors" is looked upon as a deplorable defect in his scheme of transmutation. Either view seems damaging to Darwin's claim to the chief position among evolutionists,

\* 1. "Philosophie Zoologique." Par J. B. P. A. Lamarck. (Paris, 1809.) 2. "The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection." By Charles Darwin. (London, 1859.) 3. "Das

Keimplasma: eine Theorie der Vererbung." Von August Weismann. (Jena, 1882.) And other works.

which yet is readily accorded to him by many of the disputants themselves. The case is not rendered any clearer by the fact that some of those writers who have attempted to influence public opinion on the subject have no very exact ideas as to what the tenets of the rival leaders really are. From the beginning of the controversy about development which was started by the appearance of the *Origin of Species* in 1859, views have been constantly attributed to Darwin which he did not hold, and similar misrepresentations with regard to his position and that of other leaders of scientific thought are almost equally current at the present day.

The discussions that have just been alluded to are of more than merely academic interest, for the points round which they centre have a real bearing on the application of evolutionary ideas, not only to biological questions, but also to problems of social and religious importance. In view of these circumstances it may not be amiss to trace in a few words the history of the theory of organic evolution, and to state, so far as may be possible, the nature of the contributions made by some of the leading exponents of that theory to the common stock. It would clearly be unsuitable to enter in these pages into a detailed discussion of the various points at issue between the rival schools. All that will be here attempted is a short account, as free as may be from technicalities, of the steps by which the doctrine of evolution has won its way to general acceptance, and of the divergencies as to methods which still exist between those who are agreed as to the result.

For our present purpose there is no need to dwell on the developmental

views of the earlier philosophers. The main idea of organic evolution was familiar to Empedocles and to Aristotle. The germs of a theory of natural selection are to be found in the fragments of the former philosopher; and the same speculation is canvassed by Aristotle, who, however, prefers to explain adaptations by an innate tendency towards perfection—a principle, in fact, somewhat resembling what the late Professor Elmer meant by *orthogenesis*.<sup>1</sup>

Lucretius, saturated as he was with the atomistic view of nature, had yet, like his master Epicurus, an inkling of the principle of the "survival of the fittest." Among Christian philosophers of the Middle Ages we find a distinct disposition to acquiesce in the Greek idea of derivation, along with a counter-view more nearly in favor of what we now understand by "special creation." A well known passage of St. Thomas Aquinas puts the case as follows:—

As to the production of plants, Augustine holds a different view. For some expositors say that, on this third day [of creation] plants were actually produced each in his kind—a view which is favored by a superficial reading of the letter of Scripture (*secundum quod superficies literae sonat*). But Augustine says that the earth is then said to have brought forth grass and trees *causaliter*—i.e. it then received the power to produce them. This view he confirms by the authority of Scripture, which says, "These are the generations of the heaven and of the earth, when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens, and every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew."—Gen. ii. 4. Before, then, they came into being on the earth they were made causally in the earth. And this is confirmed by reason. For in those

<sup>1</sup> A different impression is given by a passage from Aristotle's "Physic. Auscult." (II. 8, ii.), as translated in the "Historical Sketch" prefixed to the later editions of the

"Origin of Species." But it seems clear that the drift of Aristotle's argument has here been misunderstood by both Darwin and the translator.

first days God made creatures primarily or *causaliter*, and then rested from His work, and yet after that, by His superintendence of things created, He works even to this day in the work of propagation. For the production of plants from the earth belongs to the work of propagation.

Here, as Aubrey Moore has well pointed out, "though there is no idea of the method by which the 'kinds' were brought forth from the earth, or of their inter-relations with one another, nothing of what we should call a *scientific* account, there is a clear conception of creation by growth or evolution, which is quite contrary to what is known as *special* creation." And it is not without justice that Osborn declares that

if the orthodoxy of Augustine had remained the teaching of the Church, the final establishment of Evolution would have come far earlier than it did, certainly during the eighteenth instead of the nineteenth century, and the bitter controversy over this truth of Nature would never have arisen.

No doubt it would have been well for the cause of scientific progress if the more elastic views of creation professed by St. Augustine, and at least uncondemned by St. Thomas, had prevailed. That they did not do so in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries cannot, however, be laid exclusively to the charge of the Church. The truth of the matter is that until the scientific idea of "species" acquired form and distinctness there could be no dogma of "*special*" creation in the modern sense. This form and distinctness it did not possess until the naturalists of the seventeenth century began to substitute exactness of definition for the previous vague characterizations of the objects of nature. As the notion of strictly defined and interrelated groups began to take shape, the terms "*genus*" and "*spe-*

*cies*," borrowed from the logicians, were used in a quasi-technical sense to give greater precision to the new scientific conception. The definition and description of well known and of fresh "*species*" proved to be a most attractive pursuit for naturalists from the days of Ray and Willughby onwards; the conviction of the reality and permanence of the groups thus established gradually strengthened; and at last we find Linnæus proclaiming that just so many "*species*" exist as there were diverse forms produced by the Creator in the beginning. This view of the reality and fixity of species perhaps marks a necessary stage in the progress of scientific inquiry. An accurate nomenclature of the forms of life was felt to be essential, and the natural result of the labors of systematists was to exalt the importance of strict definition, to encourage the rigid view of "*species*," and to crystallize, as it were, the notion of the order and permanence of the various forms of life which were now for the first time examined and classified with scientific accuracy. There has been no more positive upholder of the doctrine of fixity of species than Cuvier, but it is most significant to find in one of Lyell's letters to Darwin the following statement of the great comparative anatomist's position:—

Constant Prévost, a pupil of Cuvier forty years ago, told me his conviction "that Cuvier thought species not real, but that science could not advance without assuming that they were so." (March 1863).

We see, then, that when Cuvier brought into play all his immense authority and influence in order to oppose Lamarck and the transformists of his day, he was not giving effect to his own deeply-rooted conviction. He was only defending an assumption which he thought, mistakenly enough,

must be made in the interest of science. It is unnecessary to insist further upon this point, but we may urge, without fear of contradiction, that from the latter part of the seventeenth to the middle of the nineteenth century the bulk of scientific opinion was in favor of the reality and fixity of species.

It may be gathered from the passage above quoted from St. Thomas that, up to his day, there were among expositors of the Scriptures two distinct lines of interpretation of the Biblical account of creation, to neither of which could the Church be said to have committed herself. Coming down to times more nearly approaching our own, we can scarcely wonder that as the scientific conception of species grew in importance and distinctness, the views of those who approached the subject of creation from the theological side should be influenced in the same direction, and should equally be led to favor the doctrine of fixity. Huxley, not without reason, adduces Milton's account of creation as giving far less equivocal expression to the theory of special creation than does the text of Genesis. Osborn seems to be struck with surprise that the Jesuit Suarez pronounced positively for special creation "so late as the seventeenth century." It is perhaps rather a matter for remark that the new scientific doctrine should have influenced theological opinion so early.<sup>2</sup> However, there is no doubt that under this kind of influence, and under the gradual discrediting of the Aristotelian tenet of spontaneous generation, the liberal views of creation represented by St. Augustine underwent for the time a total eclipse in the minds of theologians; and a theory which, in its Linnæan dress, would have seemed as

strange and perhaps as unintelligible to St. Thomas Aquinas as it would to Francis Bacon, came to hold the field in theology and science alike.

But although the old transformist speculations had become unpopular, the eighteenth century was not allowed to pass without some protest against the received scientific view. Buffon, if left to himself, might have preferred, in modern parlance, to "sit on the fence," or even to declare for development. As it was, he came down on the side of the fixity of species, probably under pressure. Erasmus Darwin was a man of different mould. His writings show him to have been a convinced upholder of the principle of specific transmutation, though his views of evolutionary method were often extravagant. But he stood to his guns, in spite of much adverse criticism which not infrequently took the form of ridicule.

Passing over Goethe and Oken, by both of whom the general idea of organic evolution was accepted, we may remark that Geoffrey St. Hilaire, according to his son Isidore, had already in the year 1795 formed the opinion in favor of the transmutation of species which he was to publish about thirty years later.

But the most famous name among evolutionists of this period is undoubtedly that of Lamarck. Opinions will differ as to the importance to be assigned in the history of evolutionary doctrine to the great French naturalist, but there is no doubt that, if not the first to conceive of organic development on a large scale, he was the first to carry out the principle into elaborate detail, and to attempt the construction of a rational "phylogeny" or genealogical tree of the animal kingdom. Lamarck held that the origin of new organs in animals was due to the efforts or movements initiated

<sup>2</sup> It is fair to state that this interpretation of Suarez has been questioned.

by new needs or wants; that every organ was developed by use and tended to diminish and disappear under disuse; finally, that every trait acquired in the organization of individuals ("tout ce qui a été acquis, tracé ou changé dans l'organisation des individus") during life is preserved by generation and transmitted to new individuals which are produced by the former. These are the true "Lamarckian factors" so often referred to in the current literature of evolution; they may be summed up in the phrase "Inherited effects of use and disuse." To these supposed causes of evolution is often added the direct effect of the environment, also assumed to be capable of hereditary transmission. Thus Romanes, in his *Darwin and after Darwin*, vol. II., writes as follows:

So far as we shall be concerned with them throughout this treatise, the Lamarckian factors consist in the supposed transmission of acquired characters, whether the latter be due to the direct influence of external conditions of life on the one hand, or to the inherited effects of use and disuse on the other.

Lamarck, however, denied that changes in the organization of the higher animals could be directly effected by the environment, though he admitted it in the case of the lower animals and of plants. In his view an alteration in the external conditions of life could only act on the higher animals indirectly, i.e. by calling forth new wants, which in their turn give rise to new efforts, new habits, and new forms of growth. The supposed transmission of the direct effects would be more justly associated with the name of Buffon. It is of the first importance to note that, whether the "Lamarckian factors" be understood in their wider or narrower

sense, the hereditary transmission of individually acquired characters is absolutely essential to their operation.

In the elaboration of his famous system Lamarck had given free rein to speculation. Such basis in the fields of observation and experiment as his theoretical fabric possessed was a narrow one, and quite inadequate for the burden it was called upon to bear. For this, and for other reasons, Lamarckism never made much way. It did not appeal to the scientific intelligence of the time, and its immediate effect was rather to encourage a reaction against the "scientific use of the imagination." We have seen what Cuvier's attitude was towards the exponents of transformism. Whatever his own secret suspicions as to the fixity of species may have been, he considered Lamarck and St. Hilaire as dangerous men, whose views and methods should be resisted in the cause of sober science. He therefore committed himself to what Osborn calls

the extreme position of recommending naturalists to confine themselves solely to the exposition of positive facts without attempting to draw from them inductions.

It is not creditable to our claims of superior enlightenment that there are naturalists of standing at the present day who, without Cuvier's excuse, still reflect his obscurantist policy by both precept and example.

The publication in 1844 of the once celebrated *Vestiges of Creation*, the authorship of which, so far as we are aware, was never acknowledged, renewed in this country the interest in the subject of organic evolution, which had been somewhat dormant since the beginning of the century. But even before the appearance of this able work, which advocated the cause of progres-



sive development with a zeal that was not in all respects according to knowledge, there were germinating in the mind of Charles Darwin the first suggestions of a theory which was to revolutionize the whole subject, and to bring about the presentment of the transformist views in such a shape as ultimately to command the assent of the whole scientific world. The history of the joint publication in 1858 of the views of Darwin and Wallace has often been told. It is an honorable episode in the annals of science; but for our present purpose its chief interest lies in the fact that each of these acute and skillful naturalists failed to find a sufficient explanation of the evolutionary process in the views that had hitherto passed current, and that each of them came independently to the conclusion that the missing factor was the principle of natural selection. The note had been struck early in the history of Greek philosophy, but feebly and to little purpose. The question to be solved was, granted that species are not immutable, and that on the whole there has been a gradual process of development in the world of organisms from the lower to the higher, granted also that adaptation to circumstances is the universal law of nature, how can this transformation and adaptation be explained in a reasonable manner? Previous attempts at answering the question had proved generally unconvincing. They had failed to show how the methods of evolution could be inferred from the known properties of living beings; they involved an appeal to principles which were far removed from the scientific plane, or they founded themselves on hypotheses of which there existed no shadow of proof. On the other hand, the new champions of evolution took their stand upon phenomena that were matters of common knowledge. It was undenia-

ble that in the domain of organic nature, although in a general sense like produced like, there was yet a wide scope for individual variation between the offspring of the same parents. It was equally true that in almost every instance the number of offspring produced immensely exceeded those that could ultimately survive and produce fresh offspring in their turn. What determined the survival of a few and the disappearance of the rest? The facts necessarily implied some form of weeding out, or "selection." The well-ascertained phenomena of variation supplied material of differing quality and therefore of differing value in relation to the environment. Since all could not survive it was obviously to be expected that those whose individual properties showed least correspondence with external conditions should be the first victims; the fortunate survivors must form a new starting-point for further variations between which a fresh "selection" would in due course be made. Here was an explanation of progressive modification, of divergence of different forms from the same stock, of adaptation to the conditions of life, which had recourse simply to known facts and principles, and which made no appeal to such shadowy "laws" as that of an innate tendency towards perfection, or to such unproved and improbable hypotheses as the production of an organ, or of a member, as the result of the "wants" and consequent efforts of a long series of ancestors. The importation of this element of common sense into the question in course of time had its proper effect. The appearance of the *Origin of Species* marked a turning-point in the history of evolutionary doctrine. The firm foundation of observation and experiment on which Darwin based his results, the multitude of hitherto isolated facts which now for the first time found their explanation

and their proper place in the scheme of nature, the light that was shed by the new theory upon the subsidiary departments of embryology, paleontology, and distribution, the stimulus that was given to every branch of biological inquiry, all contributed to make the epoch a memorable one in the history of science, and to raise the conception of organic evolution to a position infinitely more important in the realm of thought than it had ever occupied before. The doctrine had never been left quite without a witness, but its supporters had for long become a mere remnant. Lamarck had failed to influence his contemporaries; Buffon could not even convince himself. But with the appearance of the *Origin of Species* the scene was changed. Huxley, Hooker, and Asa Gray, soon followed by Lyell, boldly ranged themselves on the side of Darwin, and the *vox clamantis in deserto* was speedily taken up by the combined shout of a great army.

At this point it is important to note that, undeniable as was the effect of Darwin's work in procuring acceptance for the theory of evolution, first among men of science, and then among the cultivated public at large, the converts that it made did not always adopt the actual Darwinian standpoint, Huxley, for example, though welcoming the suggestion of natural selection with the characteristic remark, "How extremely stupid not to have thought of that!" and though constantly keeping it in view as the best if not the only working hypothesis available, yet preserved to the end a certain scepticism as to its adequacy to perform the results claimed on its behalf. He was rather converted *by* than *to* natural selection, and the same was no doubt true of many others. Herbert Spencer, though already a supporter of evolution before the appearance of the *Origin*, has always been inclined to limit the action

of natural selection within somewhat narrow boundaries. With Wallace, on the other hand, natural selection has been from the first the all-important factor.

The position of Darwin himself requires to be examined with some care. This is a subject on which misapprehension and misstatement are rife. It is perfectly justifiable to distinguish, as Huxley did, between the central theory of evolution and the particular views as to its methods and causes which were adopted by Darwin. Moreover it is most certainly the case that the really essential part of Darwin's presentment of the theory of evolution was the use that he made of the principle of natural selection. This is rightly fixed upon as the distinctive feature of his teaching. But it is not true to say, on the one hand, that the only factor in evolution admitted by Darwin was natural selection, nor, on the other hand, is it allowable to claim Darwin as a kind of disciple of Lamarck. Darwin's attitude towards the various factors suggested by Lamarck and Buffon, and his final estimate of their importance in relation to natural selection, have been so clearly stated by himself that it is surprising that any doubt on the matter should ever have arisen. As, however, his views on these points are still often misstated by speakers and writers whose words command respect, it may not be out of place once more to print his own emphatic declaration as given in the sixth edition of the *Origin*.

"I have now recapitulated," he says, "the facts and considerations which have thoroughly convinced me that species have been modified, during a long course of descent. This has been effected chiefly through the natural selection of numerous successive, slight, favorable variations; aided in an important manner by the inherited effects of the use and disuse of parts; and in an unimportant manner, that is

in relation to adaptive structures, whether past or present, by the direct action of external conditions, and by variations which seem to us in our ignorance to arise spontaneously. It appears that I formerly underrated the frequency and value of these latter forms of variation, as leading to permanent modifications of structure independently of natural selection. But as my conclusions have lately been much misrepresented, and it has been stated that I attribute the modification of species exclusively to natural selection, I may be permitted to remark that in the first edition of this work, and subsequently, I placed in a most conspicuous position—namely, at the close of the Introduction—the following words: ‘I am convinced that natural selection has been the main<sup>\*</sup> but not the exclusive means of modification.’”

From this and other passages it is abundantly clear that in Darwin there met two distinct lines of evolutionary theory. The words just quoted contain an explicit recognition of Lamarck's and of Buffon's factors as auxiliaries to Darwin's own factor of natural selection. The first (the inherited effects of use and disuse) is spoken of as important, the second (the direct action of external conditions) as unimportant, but each is admitted as a *vera causa*. So far as Darwin was concerned, his own great illuminating principle of natural selection supplied what was wanting in the Lamarckian system, but did not entirely supersede it. There was room for Buffon's "direct action of the environment," and for Lamarck's "use and disuse of parts," by the side of Darwin's "natural selection."

So matters rested for a time, and as most believers in evolution, whether they were inclined to estimate natural selection at a high or at a low rate, found at least some part of Darwin's

teaching agreeable to their views, there was little or no disposition to dispute his claim to the first place among exponents of the doctrine of development. But during the last twenty years the case has altered. The apple of discord has been thrown into the midst of the evolutionists' array, with the result of causing them to draw apart into two hostile camps, between which at present there seems small prospect of a reconciliation. The first name to be generally associated with the new evolutionary movement was that of Professor Weismann, to whose share in the controversy we now propose to devote some attention.

It will be evident to anyone who has appreciated the nature of the "Lamarckian factors" that they necessarily include the hereditary transmission of characters acquired by the individual. If the effects of use and disuse are confined to a single generation, it is plain that they cannot be invoked as the agents of progressive modification. It is only if the whole or at least a part of what has thus been gained by the individual is handed on to the offspring that the changes produced in that individual will take any share in the development of the race. That this self-evident truth was never looked upon as an objection to the views of Buffon and Lamarck was due to the remarkable fact that scarcely anyone had thought of questioning the power of heredity to transmit in a greater or less degree the characters that are known as "somatogenic," or, as Lloyd Morgan expresses it, "modifications due to individual plasticity." When, therefore, Weismann put forward his theory of the "continuity of the germ-plasm," which involved a denial of the hereditary transmission of somatogenetic characters, it had the effect of a bolt from the blue. It is true that similar views had been advanced nearly sixty years earlier by the great pioneer of

<sup>\*</sup> In the sixth edition the words of the Introduction are, "the most important, but not the exclusive means of modification."

anthropology James Cowles Prichard, and also by Francis Galton in 1872, but it was reserved for Weismann to compel universal interest in the question, and to bring home to the defenders of the validity of the Lamarckian factors the necessity of proving their fundamental tenet of the transmission of acquired as distinct from congenital (or inborn) characters. So much had this power of transmission been taken for granted, that it was difficult at first to convince many of its upholders that there was anything to argue about. In time, however, the wide difference with respect to heredity between "somatogenetic" and "blastogenetic" characters, i.e. between those imprinted on the body and those which take their origin from the germ, began to be generally recognized; and it was seen that the inheritance of the former in any degree, whether great or small, could not be regarded as an axiom. The burden of proof, therefore, was naturally considered to devolve upon those evolutionists who, like Herbert Spencer in this country and many others both in Europe and America, still maintained the species-forming capability of the Lamarckian factors to the partial, if not complete, exclusion of natural selection. The challenge has been taken up with vigor, and many attempts at the required proof have been made; but it cannot with truth be alleged that the Lamarckian view of the hereditary transmission of acquired characters rests as yet on a firm basis of either observation or experiment. All the facts hitherto brought forward in its support have proved capable of explanation on other lines; while the *a priori* difficulties in its way are, on physiological grounds, very great. There is, of course, no warrant for absolutely denying the possibility of such a phenomenon, but that little or nothing has yet been done to establish it as a fact is the opinion of many lead-

ing evolutionists, among whom it may be sufficient to specify Professors Poulton, Lloyd Morgan, Karl Pearson, Meldola, Spengel, and Cossar Ewart, together with thoughtful writers like Mr. Headley (the author of *Problems of Evolution*) and the veteran Alfred Russel Wallace.

The validity of natural selection stands, of course, entirely outside the present controversy, for the existence of the individual variations which form the material for the selective process is an absolutely indisputable fact. Whether the diverse characters shown by these variations are "congenital," "centrifugal," "blastogenetic" on the one hand, or "acquired," "centripetal," "somatogenetic" on the other, makes no difference to the selective process, which, if it acts at all, must act indifferently on all the material presented to it, however that material may have originated. What is really at stake, therefore, in the issue between the supporters and the impugnors of the "transmission of acquired characters" is the claim to consideration of the factors alleged by Lamarck and Buffon; not the Darwinian principle of natural selection, which in the logical sense is entirely compatible with either view. Darwin himself, as we have seen, accepted Lamarckism as an auxiliary; the position of Romanes was not greatly dissimilar; and at the present day Plate in Germany argues stoutly in favor both of the potency of natural selection and of the transmission of characters individually acquired. Nevertheless there can be no doubt that, in spite of the efforts of "reconcilers" like Plate, there is now becoming visible a well-marked cleavage in the ranks of evolutionists. The challenge thrown down by Weismann has had the effect of making the adherents of the Darwinian principle of natural selection reconsider their position with regard to the La-

marckian factors. To many, if not to most of them, it has seemed that as natural selection is under no logical necessity for calling those factors to its aid, and as an indispensable link in the chain of evidence in their favor is still wanting, it is best to ignore them altogether, and to explain the course of organic evolution entirely on the basis of natural selection. To evolutionists of this school the name "Neo-Darwinian" is commonly applied—not without protest from their opponents, who point with justice to the fact that Darwin never denied the efficiency of the Lamarckian factors, and finally came to regard them with greater favor than at first. Still, inasmuch as the whole of Darwin's work was done under the inspiration of the principle of natural selection, as witness the full title of the *Origin*, and inasmuch as it is the adoption of this principle that constitutes the distinctive feature of his contribution to evolutionary theory, the immense importance and far-reaching influence of which contribution none will dispute, we think the school we have mentioned quite justified in continuing to rank themselves under the name of the great English evolutionist. The disposition to reject the Darwinian compromise is also seen in the formation of the hostile party of "Neo-Lamarckians," who, undeterred by the serious flaw in their case which has been already pointed out, are becoming more and more inclined to rely upon supposed "laws of growth," "orthogenesis," use-inheritance, and the transmission of the direct effects of the environment; to the minimizing or even the complete exclusion of natural selection. It is, of course, impossible to say what line Darwin would himself have taken in view of the present aspect of the controversy. We may, however, fairly regard it as inconceivable, or at least in the highest degree improbable, that he would ever have giv-

en up natural selection. On the other hand Romanes assures us from private knowledge that the question of the transmissibility of acquired characters was constantly before Darwin's mind during the last few years of his life, and that he deliberately refused to renounce his belief in it. Nevertheless, when we consider the position now occupied by those biologists who have always been most in sympathy with Darwin's own views and methods, there seems to be fair ground for the conjecture that Darwin himself would eventually have been affected by the same scepticism with regard to the fundamental Lamarckian tenet. That he would have maintained the exact position indicated by the last edition of the *Origin of Species* is hard to believe.

The foregoing will have made clear what is meant by those who affirm that "Weismann is more Darwinian than Darwin himself." Weismann follows Darwin in adopting the principle of natural selection; he out-Darwins Darwin in sweeping all relics of Lamarckism out of his system, and in carrying the doctrine of selection into regions which Darwin left unexplored. But although from this point of view Weismann may be fairly described as an extreme Darwinian, there is another aspect of the matter in which, paradoxical as it may seem, he and Darwin are at opposite poles. To this we shall be brought by returning for a moment to Weismann's famous theory of heredity, which may be summed up in brief as the "continuity of the germ-plasm."

It is important that a clear distinction should be drawn between this latter question and that of the alleged transmission of acquired characters. The continuity of the germ-plasm, or reproductive material, from generation to generation, the bodies of successive individuals being regarded merely as buds from a perennial



stock, is a theory devised to account for the observed facts of inheritance, and with our present means of research is hardly capable of direct verification. The *onus probandi* of such a theory undoubtedly rests with its propounder. The transmission of acquired characters, on the other hand, is not so much a theory as a simple question of fact. Does it happen or does it not? Here it would seem that those who affirm that it does happen are bound to show when it occurs and where. Those who deny it, like Weismann, are simply appealing to the universal experience of mankind. The Chinese infant at birth has well-formed feet; nor is a young fox-terrier born with its ears and tail ready cropped. But instead of producing their evidence, the Neo-Lamarckians now seem inclined to rely on the often-repeated assertion that "Weismann has not proved his point." It may be perfectly true that he has not proved his theory of the germ-plasm, the verification of which in any case must needs be a most difficult undertaking; but these critics are apt to forget that the transmission of acquired characters, though it would fall of itself if Weismann could prove not only the continuity but also the stability of the germ-plasm, is not established by his failure to do so. The transmission doctrine must either be proved by its supporters or must be allowed to go by default. The universal negative of Weismann could be met by a particular affirmative. Why is the latter not forthcoming? The scientific world still waits for a single unequivocal instance of a character acquired by an organism in virtue of its individual plasticity, and passed on by inheritance to a succeeding generation.

We see, then, that Weismann's denial of the inheritance of acquired characters, though connected with his

theory of the continuity of the germ-plasm, does not necessarily stand or fall with that theory. The common failure to distinguish between the two positions is answerable for a great deal of misunderstanding which might easily have been avoided. It may be suspected that another source of misapprehension is to be found in Darwin's use of the term "pangenesis." To many people who get their ideas on these subjects at secondhand, the expression "theory of pangenesis" simply conveys the notion of a belief in the descent of all forms of life from a common stock. When, therefore, they hear it stated that the ultra-Darwinian Weismann's view of descent is diametrically opposed to Darwin's theory of pangenesis, they are naturally puzzled. The fact is that "pangenesis" has nothing to do with the action of natural selection. The term is merely used by Darwin to express his conception of the relation of the reproductive material to the parent organism. According to Weismann, individuals are not manufacturers but only nourishers and carriers of the germ-plasm. This germ-plasm they have received from their ancestors; in due time they produce descendants,

Et quasi cursores vitalis lampada tradunt.

In Darwin's view of the process of heredity the germ-plasm of the individual is not derived directly as such from the germ-plasm of the parent, but is constituted and reinforced by contributions from every part of the body of the individual itself: whence the term pangenesis. According to Weismann the germ makes the body; according to Darwin the body makes the germ. The opposition between these two views, which are sometimes spoken of respectively as "centrifugal" and "centripetal," is obvious, as

also is the fact that while the former theory is incompatible with the transmission of acquired characters, and therefore with the causes of transmutation alleged by Buffon and Lamarck, the latter may be said to give an opening for the operation of those causes. These rival theories of heredity are thus seen to connect themselves with the respective attitudes of their authors towards the general question of evolutionary methods. As before, what is really at stake is the admission of the "Lamarckian factors"; for whether one of these views is true or both are false, the principle of natural selection remains unaffected. Of the actual validity of this principle there can indeed be no reasonable doubt; though whether it is adequate to the production of all the results with which it has been credited is another question. Perhaps the most pressing need of evolutionists at the present time is to establish by quantitative methods a measure of the extent and rapidity of selective action. There is much to be said for the opinion of Professor Karl Pearson:

"It is not absence of explanations, but rather of the quantitative testing of explanations, which hinders the development of the Darwinian theory." "The problem of the near future is not whether Darwinism is a reality, but what is quantitatively the rate at which it is working and has worked."

It is probable that as regards the mechanism of heredity we are on the eve of discoveries which will to a great extent supersede the conceptions on this point of both Darwin and Weismann. But to pursue the subject further, and especially to discuss the new views of inheritance now chiefly associated with the names of Galton and Pearson on the one side and of Mendel on the other, would involve an appeal to somewhat minute and technical detail. Nor is it necessary for

the present purpose. Our aim has been to show that, together with a general agreement as to the fact of organic evolution, there has arisen a serious difference of opinion as to the methods by which it has proceeded. We have tried to indicate briefly, but not inaccurately, the manner in which both agreement and disagreement have been arrived at; and we have done our best to state, though necessarily in a form far from complete, the most important and crucial questions that at present divide evolutionists. The decision of these questions must of course be left to time. In the meanwhile it may not be amiss to point out that harm has not infrequently resulted to the cause of religion by too much eagerness in accepting, as well-established facts, hypotheses on which science has not really said her last word. The history of the dogma of special creation is a case in point. The theologians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries who taught the immutability of species were in a scientific sense quite "up to date." In course of time the scientific world found that it had made a mistake, and theologians were driven somewhat painfully to retrace their steps. Their deviation was natural, and perhaps unavoidable, but they would have done better in the first place not to forsake the guidance of St. Augustine. At the present time there is a tendency among apologists to look with special favor on the views of the Neo-Lamarckian school. It is not to be denied that the notions of an "inherent tendency towards perfection," of "directed variation," and the like, are highly attractive, and seem like new weapons in the hands of the defenders of theism. We are reminded of the avidity with which much the same notions in their Aristotelian form were caught at by the schoolmen. But even if these specu-

lations should become part of the general scientific belief, which at present is not the case, the doubt must still be felt whether they will stand the test of time. We are far from saying that the teleological argument is useless in natural theology. On the contrary, we believe that the general

*The Church Quarterly Review.*

acceptance of evolution has made it stronger than ever. But it must be grounded on a wider basis than Paley gave it, and it should be carefully preserved from even seeming dependence on views which the event of to-morrow may show to be without scientific foundation.

## MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL DAYS.\*

BY EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

### XIII. ON THE DOWNWARD PATH.

It was about this time that one evening in our garden I had a terrible quarter of an hour from whose tragic consequences I have suffered all my life long. Unexpectedly the trees and walls began to spin around, the earth trembled under my feet, a veil came before my eyes, my thoughts grew vague, till, overcome by a sense of infinite fatigue, and unable to stand upright I flung myself upon the ground and awaited death. Then, pulling myself together by a mighty effort, I stumbled into the house, where I threw myself on my bed and confessed the truth to my mother, who, alarmed by my state, sprinkled my forehead with water and put aromatic vinegar to my nose exclaiming, "Oh, you little wretch! You, too! And so early! Don't do it again for the love of heaven!"

But I did only too often. If on that day when I made my first experiment, I could have foreseen the slavery to which I was condemning myself, how brutal and stupid was the tyranny to which I was beginning to bow,—if I could have foreseen the enormous waste of bodily and intellectual force,

the many hours of restless and melancholy exhaustion, the times of torturing insomnia or nightmare which the unfortunate habit I was now contracting was to occasion me,—if I had realized that I should one day become convinced—as I am to-day—that much of the inequality and feebleness of my literary style, much of my insufficiency and confusion of thought, many an unexpected flaw in my critical acumen, in the flexibility of my mind and its power of grasping great matters were only the effect of this habit:—if I had foreseen how often in days to come I was to beat a cowardly retreat from pleasant company or renounce fair sights which I had longed to witness, or pleasant stimulating intercourse for no other reason than to satisfy the vulgar craving to which I was about to yield complete away over my nerves and my brain, thereby condemning myself for life to breathe impure air, to read books, to wear garments and to strew the globe with written sheets impregnated with the odor of my vice, and, finally, could I have foretold what repeated efforts I should make from boyhood to middle life to break myself of this habit, efforts destined one and all to end, after days and months of hard labor in a dis-

\*Translated for *The Living Age*

graceful capitulation to the enemy,—could I have foreseen all these things, I say, upon that far off day, with what disgust should I have thrown away that accursed cigar-stump! Instead, I stuck it between my teeth and after forty years it still burns my mouth and my conscience. My one consolation is that all my children are free from my vice, and even so I am filled with remorse whenever I remember how I make their houses reek, while the polluted kisses I print on their cheeks cover me with shame.

I had taken to rather evil courses even before the date of the cigar. It really looked at one time as though I should turn out to be a ne'er-do-well. What had come to me? Germs of evil, taken into my system from various sources, accumulating little by little, and beginning to ferment had finally come to the surface. Such germs are in the air, and boys must be exposed to them, unless we choose to pack them away in oil, like sardines. The principal symptoms of my demoniac possession were insubordination, untruthfulness, mean thoughts, vulgar words, and general predilection for low company:—not so much definite mis-deeds as schemes for wrong-doing:—though I certainly did commit some minor offences, which none the less deserved a few weeks of the House of Correction because they were done at home. Perhaps since this was for me a year of extraordinary bodily growth, the animal in me for a time overpowered the spiritual. But the evil cannot have gone very deep, because even on my worst days, and though I might make a bitter and arrogant retort even to my mother, yet her reproof always went to my heart. And even more than by those maternal reproofs I was affected by the manner of my father which had completely changed toward me. His cold and severe aspect, his evident deter-

mination neither to address me a remark, nor to meet my glance, caused me such keen suffering that in my distress I used often fairly to bolt my food and rush away from table. He never gave me a thrashing, and in this I think he was wise. I fancy all boys pass through a similar moral crisis, as inevitable as the corresponding physical one, and that their parents should neither feel alarm nor have recourse to stringent methods of correction, but rather leave the disease to run its course and cure itself, as it always will if the boy in question be not hopelessly corrupt;—in which case severe measures will prove of little or no avail. It is the very fact that I was not punished by them as I deserved that has maintained within me, strong and unblunted, my remorse for having distressed my father and mother during this period. Little by little my conscience regained activity and my life became unbearable to myself. I only needed some external impulse to make me amend my ways, and this impulse was supplied by chance. One night my mother was taken seriously ill: a doctor was summoned and all the house was in a state of painful excitement. From my chamber I overheard her exclaim, her voice full of despairing sorrow,—“Die, oh good God! leave that little son of mine,—*that boy!*” Her cry unlocked my heart, I burst into tears and kneeling on my bed repeated my long discarded prayers, and begged God to leave me my mother. When she was at last out of danger, I, too, was on the mend.

Vacation came and there descended upon me as it does sooner or later on all boys a mania for novel-reading, if it can be called “reading” to devour romances by the dozen from morning to night, without an hour’s let-up, till sight and thought alike became

blurred, and so that I spent days in succession without a glance at Alps or sky, my elbows on my book, my chin on my fists and my eyes on the page before me. I stumbled first on the stories of Dumas père, and first of these on the *Count of Montecristo*, which has always remained my favorite, not only because it then seemed and still seems to me the most wonderful in plot and the most charming in method of narration, but also because I bore the name of its hero, bestowed on me by my mother because of the great pleasure she had taken in the book when she first read it, not long before my birth. *Montecristo* was followed by I don't know how many others, all of which later coalesced in my mind, into a single story containing thousands of personages and incidents of every age and clime. But this madness had, luckily, only a brief run with me. It was cured by the perusal of a book, which was destined to have an extraordinary influence throughout life, both upon my mind and my heart. Up to this time I had only read of the *Promessi Sposi* the few pages scattered about in *Anthologies* made for use in schools. I do not remember that any of my teachers up to that time, had warmly recommended its perusal. One day I got hold of the story in a copy, (it was the three-volume edition published by Vincenzo Batelli of Florence in 1827) which I still possess. I began to read and the effect was marvellous. I felt as though I were held by a thousand fetters, a thousand delicate bonds which enwrapped and constrained me, of whose presence I was conscious in the very depths of my soul. I derived from the book a keen and perpetual pleasure, not interrupted, hardly impaired, by the historical digressions and minute descriptions which boys usually find a bore. Sometimes the ardor of my sympathy forced an in-

voluntary sob from my throat, and from the first page to the last I was in full and hearty sympathy with Manzoni's sentiments and line of thought. Mine was not a discriminating admiration, as I know very well, but I did feel as a whole the effect of that profound, yet simple art; the fine balance of the writer's faculties, the wise restraint, the keenness of logic, the crystalline transparency of the style, of which the music is so grave and delicate; half disguised also, and seeming to come rather from the underlying thought than the language, and to sound in the soul rather than strike upon the ear. My admiration knew no bounds. Never was book loved by me like that one. On my first perusal I knew that I should reread it a thousand times, not only as boy but as man. A quantity of the images, expressions and phrases it contained stamped themselves at once and forever upon my memory. It left in my mind a serenity, a peace, a self-poise even, to which I had before been stranger, a hidden harmony, so to speak, to which all the voices of my being were for a time attuned. I felt that there had entered into my life the friend and master for whom I had long been on the watch, and my heart told me that he was come for ever. I may say that the perusal of that book marks for me the passage from childhood to youth.

As I live again in thought those early years, I always come back to the same conclusions with regard to the training of children. These conclusions are certainly not new, but in my opinion they have never been sufficiently set forth in print. There is, I feel convinced, less danger in leaving to boys a certain amount, or even a great deal of liberty than there is in keeping them under lock and key. I know by experience that such incessant and forcible constraint of the soul



makes a boy not better but worse. If nothing more, the power of dissimulation which he is certain to acquire is likely to occasion his parents many a disagreeable surprise. I am perfectly certain that it is labor lost to take the pains that many expend on keeping boys in ignorance of certain things with which they are certain to make early acquaintance in a hundred ways impossible to foresee. This being the case it is harmful and foolish to follow the almost universal practice and make veiled allusions to such themes in their presence, in the expectation that they will not understand. They either understand, or, at all events they perceive that their relatives are talking about some theme not fit for discussion but which interests them and which they have not the self-control to avoid. So his elders fall in the child's esteem, and, what is almost worse, they become ridiculous in his eyes. I am also firmly convinced that nothing is more dangerous to the intelligence and the stamina of a child than to force him into studies beyond his age. Even if at first he seems not to suffer, sooner or later his energy is sure to flag; he will leave his books with faculties dulled and exhausted, and cherishing a blind hatred of school. Whereas he should feel reading an absolute necessity, and study for study's sake a wonder and a delight. I am sure furthermore that no spectacle can be more harmful for the young, more deadly both to heart and to character, than that of dissension or even the faintest discord between their parents. The authority of both is destroyed by such scenes; they cause a lad to lose all belief in the sanctity of the family, and leave in his mind ineffaceable recollections, which later disturb his memory of his parents and become inexhaustible sources of distrust. Nothing I believe is more profoundly true than the re-

mark of Capponi, that the mind of a child is formed not by what he is taught but by what he hears; that is, by those pleasant and kindly deeds which he perceives to have been done spontaneously in his presence instinctively or at the bidding of conscience, and with no thought of him. Hence it follows that admonition, advice, sermonizing, even punishment, are a mere waste of energy, unless the child perceives that the character of his parents, their daily life, and the spirit animating their unstudied and ordinary conversation, all fully correspond to the precepts they inculcate: I saw my mother, always absorbed in the cares of her household, a stranger to feminine vanity, scorning every petty act, distressed by every misfortune which befell another, charitable to the poor, forgiving to all: I saw my father, toiling from morning to night with all the zeal of a faithful servant, occupied in every instant of leisure with his children, and trying all his life to add as much as possible to his own mental cultivation. From babyhood I knew by instinct that my mother was a gentle and stainless woman, my father, an upright and generous man; and these are the most fruitful lessons which I ever received from them. It was their example which held me to the right path, whenever I was tempted to leave it; it was the memory of their conduct, which made me repent and try to amend all foolish or ignoble behavior. All else, in the line of moral training is idle prattle and useless vexation. It is no good feigning with our children, playing two rôles, one for their behoof and one for our own convenience. It even does less harm to let them see us as we are, with our defects and our weaknesses, for seeing us thus they will at all events know us to be sincere. The only way to train others is to live honestly oneself. But I admit that this is no easy matter.

XIV. THE HUMANITIES.

I felt that I had made a great ascent in the scholastic hierarchy when instead of saying "I am in *Grammatica*," I could say "in *Umanità*," though I did not in the least understand in what sense the word was employed:—nay, rather I admired because I did not understand, a phenomenon of frequent occurrence among children of a larger growth.

A whole tribe of new masters had come into the school that year, pleasant young fellows for the most part: of whom three were assigned to my class, which corresponded to the fourth of the Modern Gymnasium. Only the professor of Latin and Italian Literature was neither young nor pleasant, though he lacked neither knowledge nor good intentions. He was one of those many teachers, who are utterly without the teacher's especial gift, which even among men of distinction is as rarely found in perfection as a tenor voice. I doubt if Dante himself would have made a good school-master. The man in question was not only quite incapable of inspiring his pupils, he was even devoid of animal vitality; in Tuscany they would have called him cold-blooded as a fish—(*una tinca fredda*)—I have never known his like in this respect and so I will therefore attempt a short sketch of him. He taught Literature as he would have taught Book-keeping, never raising a question of literary history or art, and suffering no disturbing influence of poetic beauty to ruffle for an instant the holy calm of his spirit and the placid immobility of his benevolent countenance. Oh, the grave monotony of his voice which ran on in one key like a sewing-machine! These mannerisms produced marvellous results. It seemed as though his voice diffused through the school perpetual fogs of

chloroform, which subdued the most ardent spirits, quieted, little by little, the most restless natures and secured a species of conventual discipline. In later years I came to know many other teachers of the same general type but none endowed with the same somniferous power. He was delighted with us, and said we were a quiet set of boys. Not at all! It was rather he, who annihilated in us, as if by magic, all capacity for rebellion. But I leave the reader to judge of the good to be derived from Latin and Italian Literature served with such poppy-sauce as this.

One there was, however, who used to wake us up. This was our Arithmetic teacher, a little fellow, all nerves, with a handsome curly head, of distinguished bearing and full of talent and ardor, who, later, made for himself a great name in Mathematics. He was a marvellous teacher, but as impatient as an unbroken colt and as fiery as a game-cock. His violent nature made him long to cuff us, but prudence and his own standard of manners restrained him, and to relieve his feelings he made use of a device of his own,—a happy mean between the cuffing which was forbidden and the injurious epithets which did not suffice him,—he *pinched*. Not in the ordinary way, however:—that would have been child's play, his was a rotatory pinch. When the scholar who had been summoned to the blackboard did not understand his explanation, he would rise, seize the boy's arm well up toward the shoulder with thumb and forefinger and press and twist till all became clear. In this exercise, which he had practised for several years, his fingers had acquired the strength of grappling-hooks. It was his notion that Mathematics could be inserted in this way, like the virus of small-pox. After two months of school we were for the most part scarred blue and

when hot weather came and we all went bathing, his pupils could be distinguished from those of the other classes by their brand, like the bullocks of an Argentine herd. They could be further subdivided by the varying size and intensity of the spots which corresponded to their degree of proficiency in the science. Yet in spite of all this, everybody liked him because all gained under his instruction. He made us see stars, but he also made us understand Arithmetic. Then, too, he was just and pinched rich and poor with equal vigor. Nothing on earth would have induced us to exchange him for a master with gentler fingers but a less efficacious pedagogical method, so grateful is the young student to the man who helps him to learn even at the expense of his body.

Another most admirable, I might say a perfect teacher, was our professor of History. He was a living proof that the best devices for maintaining discipline are firmness of character and dignity of manner. His features were always the same expression; his humor never altered, he apparently had himself under perfect control. He never pinched, he never screamed, he almost never found fault with anyone, but I do not believe that if the King of Italy himself had come in person to teach us he would have secured greater respect and attention. From the moment he had entered the room not another sound escaped us, a reproving glance was enough to repress the most audacious: from one end of the year to the other we never knew him raise his voice. His lectures were agreeable, too, though slightly tinged with rhetoric and delivered in a somewhat pragmatic manner. His personal appearance doubtless helped to make him respected and liked for he was the most prepossessing of the staff, a remarkably handsome young man,

tall, and with an admirable carriage, and always perfectly well-dressed. His golden hair and beard were the admiration of the fair sex and the envy of all the youth of the city. He himself betrayed not the smallest trace of self-conceit or pride; if he had a fault it was that he never enlivened us by a smile, and that he uttered his rare jests, which always turned on some point of History, with the gravity of a criminal Judge. We all stood in awe of him, but he so filled us with enthusiasm that a single word of praise from his lips, a mere "*good!*" or a nod of the head gave even to the most apathetic the keenest satisfaction. I remember that I was terribly cast down and ashamed because he said to my father once when the latter was making inquiries of him, "He has ability, but, ye gods, what a restless being!" From that day on I sat in school like a statue.

He had his exact opposite in the poor creature who taught us French. The latter had the look of a hard-working farmer of fifty, sturdy and high-colored. He could not keep us quiet for one minute, and we used to tease him cruelly, going eight or ten at a time up to his desk,—little sinners that we were! on the pretence of asking explanations, which we would loudly vociferate, all at the same moment. When he got wind of our trick he would lose his head, leap to his feet, let fly kicks to right and left of him and chase us one after another to pay us out; bounding round the schoolroom like a bucking mule, and finally falling back in his chair exhausted and enraged, calling us cowards and bandits. Poor man! Unluckily for us, he wore the heavy boots of a mountaineer, which used to send us up into the air as though we had been rubber-balls, and leave the imprint of their nails at the bases of our spines. But French, at his hands, made no ira-

pression on us at all. This, however, was not so much his fault as that of the stupid custom, which still prevails to a considerable extent in our schools, of attaching far too little importance to this indispensable language. The result is that most of us are forced to learn it in a hurry at a later date; that we never more than half know it, and have made fools of ourselves many times before acquiring the little that we know.

#### XV. TENOR MANQUE.

That winter, unfortunately, revived, to distract me from my studies, my old illusion that I was the possessor of a fine tenor voice and that in two years' time I should relinquish the study of Philosophy and devote myself to Music, a prospect which did not in the least appal me. This is the episode of my youth, which when I now recall it, gives me a heartier laugh at my own expense than any other. I have used the word "revived" of this illusion, because I had already entertained it, having always heard people talk of my "lovely voice", especially my mother, who often asked me to sing. But I had attached no particular importance to this fancied gift of nature until this winter, when I conceived a perfect *furor* for song and began to hope that I should make my fortune by my wind-pipe. In the course of the season, my father took me several times to the opera, and mine was a veritable passion, like that I had entertained for the army and for art, and it lasted for months. I practised the scale from morning to night, at home and on the streets, on the stairways of my school, even in the theatre, while my betters were singing: in short wherever and whenever I fancied that I should not be heard I sang with all the power of my lungs, as though I had been paid a double eagle a note. What I really had was a

pleasant little voice, in no way remarkable, and I had no ear whatever: I couldn't have flatted worse, if I had been the worse for liquor. I knew perfectly well that my voice as it then was had neither the quality nor the range to repay cultivation even for amusement. But, with the marvellous capacity for self-deception which I always possessed, I persuaded myself that, for a variety of reasons, I could presently make my organ all that I desired. I said to myself:—"It will come when I leave off smoking": then—"If I drink only water," then—"If I give up sweets, they are what spoil my singing!" And though after every experiment I continued to squeak like a goose plucked alive, I still persisted in my hopes, ascribing my failure now to a cold in the head, now to an inflammation of the throat, now to having forced my notes. This passion brought in its train a whole troop of minor absurdities. I not only kept gargling something from morning to night, but I imitated the bearing and the gestures of the opera singers; I not only learned by heart, but copied in my best hand libretto after libretto; I not only sang within the city, but made excursions into the country for the especial purpose of giving my vocal powers freer play. Once there I bayed the trees by the hour together, and scattered the birds in all directions. But *ahi!* (The interjection is in imitation) neither my throat nor my ear showed any signs of improvement. On the contrary my little thread of a voice went from bad to worse, whereas it had not been unpleasant before I took it into my head to become a tenor. Finally what with my comrades' nicknames for me of "rusty bolt" and "throttled cock" and the evident signs manifested by my family that they were weary of the flood of false notes with which I had deluged the house premises I made up

my mind to relinquish my "lyric career," and put away my tuning-fork. But though all my illusions about my talent were over, I still retained so strong a taste or rather so ardent a passion for music, that even now a sweet full note makes me turn pale with emotion, while a fine voice heard of an evening along the street will

make me tramp after its possessor for miles. Next to positive genius this is the gift of nature which I most envy, and I consider song one of the most efficacious means for the development of the mind, as I hold it to be one of the sweetest and most efficacious panaceas in life.

*Nova Antologia.*

(To be continued.)

## THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.\*

(Conclusion.)

On Jeffrey's resignation of the Editorship of the Review, in 1829, Macvey Napier, professor of conveyancing in the University of Edinburgh, succeeded to the post. The new Editor had been a frequent contributor from very early days, he was an intimate friend of Jeffrey's, and he was firmly convinced of the advisability of keeping the headquarters of the Review in its old home in the north. Napier's difficulties were considerable. They arose, however, from no dangerous rivalry of other organs of opinion, but almost solely from troubles within his own camp, caused by the pretensions of Brougham to work the Review entirely in his own personal interest. Brougham's versatility was abnormal; his energy untiring; his vanity without limit. After 1835, when Lord Melbourne formed his second ministry

without inviting Brougham back to the woolsack, the ex-Chancellor's hostility to the Whig Premier knew no bounds. Men recognized his genius, whilst they had a profound distrust of his character. No one, however, had done more work for the Review, and it was long a tradition that in one particular number every single article had come from his pen. After Jeffrey had gone, it was, perhaps, not unnatural that a man of Brougham's character should endeavor to make the Review *his* organ, rather than the exponent of a policy and a cause. There were other men writing for the Review very little inclined to defer to pretensions such as these. Macaulay loses patience with "a man who half knows everything," and protests against the use of the Review as an instrument for "puffing its own con-

\* 1. "The 'Edinburgh Review' " (1802-1902).

2. "On the Authorship of the First Hundred Numbers of the 'Edinburgh Review.'" By W. A. Copinger. Privately printed. Manchester: 1905.

3. "The First Edinburgh Reviewers." Literary Studies, vol. I. By Walter Bagehot. Second edition. London: Longmans. 1879.

4. "The Rev. Sydney Smith's Miscellaneous Works, including his Contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review.'" Longmans.

5. "The Life and Letters of Lord Jeffrey." By Lord Cockburn. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1852.

6. "Selected Correspondence of the late Macvey Napier." London: Macmillan. 1879.

7. "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay." By Sir George Trevelyan, Bart. London: Longmans. 1876.

8. "Memoirs of the Life of Henry Reeve." By John Knox Laughton. Second edition. London: Longmans. 1898.



tributor." When, after he had himself undertaken to write on French politics in the autumn number of the eventful year 1830, Brougham claims that subject for himself, Macaulay fairly tells the Editor that he must make his choice once for all between his two contributors. "He had always known," Macaulay writes, "that in every association, political or literary, Brougham would wish to domineer, and that no Editor of the 'Edinburgh Review' could, without risking the ruin of the publication, resolutely oppose the demands of a man so able and powerful." Napier on this occasion acceded to Brougham's imperious request "to send off a countermand to Macaulay"; and it was Brougham's article, not Macaulay's, that was published in the October "Review" on the Revolution of 1830. Doubtless Macaulay's threat of secession weighed with the Editor. At any rate, we hear no more of any attempt of Brougham's to oust his rival from the field editorially assigned to him.

The connection of the Review with the Whig leaders in Parliament was now very close. In December, 1830, Jeffrey became Lord Advocate, and Brougham Lord Chancellor; and it was thought probable that the latter would soon become the most powerful statesman in the kingdom. Why in 1835, when Lord Melbourne returned to power, Brougham did not re-enter the Cabinet has been much discussed. Brougham himself declared it was because Lord Melbourne knew that in such a case he (the Prime Minister) would be reduced to insignificance. Brougham never forgot or forgave an injury, and deep was the contumely which, in letter after letter to the long-suffering Editor, he poured upon the Whig Premier, and on his "underlings," who cared not a farthing for reform of any kind so long as they could keep their places. He was furi-

ous because the Review would not denounce the more moderate men of the party "for trimming and waiting to see how the cat jumped." He (Brougham) was the only true Reformer, almost the only honest man, and he had no patience "with the vermin who were basely and meanly looking to some junction with the Stanleys and Grahams, and want to throw the honest and single-hearted Reformers overboard the moment they have helped us to turn the Government out." He complains (April 4, 1835) that his articles had not been printed, and declares that they must have been intercepted. Yet surely he had little cause of complaint, for the April number of the Review contains no fewer than six articles from his pen, on the following subjects: "The British Constitution—Recent Political Occurrences," "Thoughts upon the Aristocracy," "Newspaper Tax," "Memoirs of Mirabeau," "French Parties and Politics," "State of Parties." Nevertheless, in June Brougham actually has the face to write to Napier that ever since his Editorship had begun, "I have found that my assistance was reckoned, justly God knows, a very secondary object, and that one of the earliest friends of the Journal, and who had (Jeffrey will tell you) enabled it to struggle through its first difficulties as much as any one or two of the contributors, was now next thing to laid upon the shelf!"

Nothing is more exasperating to a statesman who has been left out in the cold, than the faithful party loyalty with which a chief so deficient in the discrimination of personal merit is still regarded by others. The Whiggism of the "Edinburgh Review" was never more rigidly orthodox in the party sense than during the period of Macvey Napier's Editorship. The days were long past since a few briefless advocates and a young clergyman

in want of a living had set the world on fire by sheer ability and dash, and by their evident determination to maintain their critical independence against every external influence. The Review was now in the closest relations with the Whig leaders. When, for instance, Nassau Senior wrote on the Irish poor laws, his articles were revised and modified by Lord Lansdowne and Lord John Russell. In the middle of the century, says Bagehot with dry humor, it was difficult to imagine that there had ever been anything incendiary about the "Edinburgh Review." Its appearance quarter by quarter had now, he says, become a great event, and it was believed that its contributors were confined to the Privy Council! In sober truth it was supported and largely written by men of the greatest position in the world of politics and letters. Their names would have made the fortune of a modern "monthly." But the "Edinburgh" was always anonymous, and both Jeffrey and Napier were aware that it was possible for men of great distinction to be dull. The former pronounced (1829) that Sir William Hamilton's article on Cousin's *Cours de Philosophie* was "the most unreadable thing that ever appeared in the Review." And Sir James Mackintosh, the philosopher of "Whiggism," agreed with Napier's predecessor, that though the writer might be a very clever man, he was quite unfit to write on topics such as these for English readers. In politics, however, the dangers of a too rigidly official orthodoxy were on the whole avoided. The circulation of the Review, it is true, never again rose to the height it had attained in 1817-20, yet it easily held the first place in periodical literature, and was indispensable reading for all who wished to share in the intellectual life of the day. Here is the list of subjects and writers in the April number,

1846, published just before Lord John Russell formed his first administration:—

1. "Parliament and the Courts," by Lord Denman.
2. "Shakespeare in Paris," by Mrs. Austin.
3. "Legislation for the Working Class," by Sir George C. Lewis.
4. "Religious Movement in Germany," by Henry Rogers.
5. "Lyall's Travels in North America," by Herman Merivale.
6. "European and American State Confederacies," by Nassau Senior.
7. "Scottish Criminal Jurisprudence," by Lord Cockburn.
8. "Political State of Prussia," by R. M. Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton).
9. "Earls Grey and Spencer," by Lord John Russell.

Napier had aimed at nine or ten articles per number when he first undertook the Review, and by his agreement with Longmans each number was to contain sixteen sheets—i.e., 256 pages. The number of pages has varied at different periods from about 260 in early days to 300 or so in the middle of the century. The ordinary length was from 200 to 280 pages. The public, Napier held, did not like long articles. But Editors' rules and wishes must bend like other people's to circumstances. Macaulay's article on Lord Bacon, when sent to the Editor, ran to 120 pages, and the latter naturally consulted Jeffrey as to the course he should adopt.

"What mortal," writes Jeffrey in reply, "could ever dream of cutting out the least particle of this precious work to make it fit better with your Review? It would be worse than paring down the Pitt diamond to fit the old setting of a dowager's ring. It is altogether magnificent—*et prope divinum*. Since Bacon himself, I do not know that there has been anything so fine. I have read it not only with delight,

but with emotion—with throbbings of the heart and tears in the eye."

Macaulay, when despatching his MS. from Calcutta, had described it as "of interminable length"; and it was ultimately found possible to reduce it without material injury till it absorbed no more than 104 pages out of the 282 which made up the July number of 1837. Even so it was thought right to add an Editorial note to the first page of the article, asking the indulgence of intelligent readers "for so wide a departure from our general practice." In 1840 the "Clive" article, which drew down Brougham's wrath on Macaulay for praising so "blood-thirsty and cruel a man," consumed sixty-six pages in a number which contained eight articles. In October, 1840, the essay on Warren Hastings ran to ninety-six pages, and left space for only five other articles!

Macaulay's essays on the foremost statesmen, warriors, poets, and thinkers of an earlier day hold an absolutely unique place in English literature. Not only do they constitute standard works, of which men speak with respect, they are the favorite reading of multitudes wherever the English language is known. "Every school boy," as the author would have said, has rejoiced in the glowing pages in which Macaulay has brought home to his countrymen the history of great deeds and the characters of great men.

After Macvey Napier had taken over the Editorship from Jeffrey, though the latter retired completely from the direct management of the Review, it was only natural that his successor should constantly recur to him for advice. By the terms of the agreement of 1829 between Napier and the Longmans Jeffrey was to decide between them in case of any differences as to its meaning which might arise. For Jeffrey's services in this way there

was no occasion, as the relations between publishers and Editor were and always have been down to the present day most harmonious; but the advice given by Jeffrey to Napier as to the conduct of the Review was abundant, and the correspondence between the two throws an interesting light upon the responsibilities incidental to the editorial management of anonymous journalism.

"There are three legitimate considerations," writes Jeffrey in 1837, "by which you should be guided in your conduct as Editor generally; and particularly as to the admission or rejection of important articles of a political sort:—1. The effect of your decision on the other contributors upon whom you mainly rely; 2. Its effect on the sale and circulation, and on the just authority of the work, with the great body of its readers; and 3. Your own deliberate opinion as to the safety or danger of the doctrines maintained in the article under consideration, and its tendency either to promote or retard the practical adoption of those liberal principles to which, and *their practical advancement*, you must always consider the journal as devoted. . . . This discretion you cannot, I think, delegate to another, who would not share your responsibility."

In Jeffrey's view the "Edinburgh" represented a body of opinion directed to the attainment of certain definite and practical ends; not the personal views of this or that individual, or even the special fancies of the Editor himself. Several times in its history circumstances have arisen when it has been necessary for the Review to act firmly upon its own considered judgment against pressure which has been attempted from outside on the part of those who claimed for one reason or another to be entitled to its indiscriminating support, and in every case the principles laid down by Jeffrey have successfully been vindicated.

The frank manner in which in their confidential letters to Napier the contributors criticised each other's productions must have afforded to the Editor reading no less useful than entertaining. There is something very naïf, moreover, in the occasional comments of contributors on the sort of literary distinction suitable to the Review. Jeffrey had found Carlyle, whose genius he recognized, and to whom he rendered great assistance, a difficult writer to manage; and he had felt forced before admitting his articles to do a little cutting off and patching up, doubtless much against the grain. Carlyle, as he complains to Napier, had felt it due to "his literary conscience" to rebel. "Editorial hacking and hewing" he would not stand. Surely Napier might trust him, for he strongly held "that one can and should ever *speak quietly*; loud hysterical vehemence, foaming, hissing, least of all becomes him that is convinced, and not only *supposes* but *knows*." One wonders whether Napier found this convincing as to the reposeful style of contributions which Carlyle hereafter might offer him!

During the first half-century of its existence Jeffrey and Macaulay were the two men whose character was most deeply impressed upon the whole political tendency of the Review. There is some truth in Bagehot's observation that Whiggism is not a creed but a character, and this character he sketches in not too flattering terms. "Perhaps as long as there has been a political history in this country there have been certain men of a cool, moderate, resolute firmness, not gifted with high imagination, little prone to enthusiastic sentiment, heedless of large theories and speculations, careless of dreamy scepticism; with a clear view of the next step, and a wise intention to take it; a strong conviction that the elements of knowledge

are true, and a steady belief that the present world can, and should, be quietly improved. These are the Whigs."

Macaulay struck right and left with equal vigor. At one time (1829) he was pouring a heavy broadside into the Radical philosophers, headed by Bentham and James Mill, who were fiercely attacking, in the pages of the "Westminster Review," the moderation of Whig statesmen, and of the Whig organ. At another time, ten years later, he was turning his attention to the obscurantist views of the ultra-Tory party, in that famous article on Mr. Gladstone's book on Church and State, whose first paragraph the events of the following fifty years were to render for ever remarkable. In the April number of 1839 he wrote as follows:—

"The author of this volume is a young man of unblemished character and of distinguished parliamentary talents, the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories who follow reluctantly and mutinously a leader whose experience and eloquence are indispensable to them, but whose cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhor. It would not be at all strange if Mr. Gladstone were one of the most unpopular men in England. But we believe that we do him no more than justice when we say that his abilities and his demeanor have obtained for him the respect and goodwill of all parties." Mr. Gladstone, the article goes on, "appears to be in many respects exceedingly well qualified for philosophical investigation. His mind is of large grasp; nor is he deficient in dialectical skill. But he does not give his intellect fair play. There is no want of light, but a great want of what Bacon would have called dry light. Whatever Mr. Gladstone sees is refracted and distorted by a false medium of passion and prejudices. His style bears a remarkable analogy to his mode of thinking, and, indeed, exercises great influence

on his mode of thinking. His rhetoric, though often good of its kind, darkens and perplexes the logic which it should illustrate."

It must have given not a little satisfaction to Jeffrey and Macaulay, after their fierce war with the Utilitarians and the "Westminster," to find in 1841 John Stuart Mill and the best of his coadjutors in the latter journal offering their services to its great and successful rival. Mill felt that these heated differences between Liberals were doing harm to their common cause. He had failed, he says, after a long trial, to induce the Radicals to maintain an independent position, "and there was no room for a fourth political party in this country—reckoning the Conservatives, the Whig Radicals, and the Chartists as the other three." Why, he asks, should he keep his little rivulet distinct, instead of merging it in the great and steady stream of Liberal opinion? In the October "Edinburgh" of that year Mill reviewed Tocqueville's "Democracy in America." Perhaps, were Jeffrey and Macaulay alive to-day, they might consider that the accession of strength their principles had won from amongst their Tory foes was no less remarkable than their triumph of earlier years over the successors of James Mill! If we consider causes and principles, rather than mere party names and badges, where to-day shall we find the representative either of extreme Radicalism or of old Toryism? Individuals, of course, there still are, and will always be, of extreme views, but political power is not with them; and for practical purposes the moderate reformers have won along the whole line.

After rendering eighteen years' splendid service to the Review, Macvey Napier died (1847); and Messrs. Longman appointed as his successor in the Editorship Mr. William Emp-

son, professor of the "Polity and Laws of England" in the East India College at Haileybury, who had married Lord Jeffrey's only daughter. Empson had been for many years a valued contributor on political, legal, and literary subjects. At school at Winchester he had made friends with Arnold, afterwards headmaster of Rugby. Their friendship continued through life, Empson sharing warmly Arnold's views on all matters of educational and ecclesiastical interest, matters which in those days were largely occupying men's thoughts, and the discussion of which has bulked very largely in the Review. His Editorship only lasted five years, for in 1852 he died suddenly, and Sir George Cornwall Lewis, M.P. for Herefordshire, lately Financial Secretary to the Treasury under Lord John Russell, was appointed in his stead.

The Russell Government had fallen in February, 1852, and with its fall Cornwall Lewis, of course, lost his place. In July he lost his seat also, and a few months afterwards he accepted Messrs. Longman's offer of the vacant Editorship of the Review. A scholar of high repute, a deep political thinker, and a trained statesman, intimate in social life with the eminent literary men of his day, the publishers had chosen wisely. He describes his new employment as bringing upon him official correspondence akin to that with which he had been acquainted in a public department, with the drawback that he had no secretaries to help him, but with the countervailing advantage that he could do all the business of the Review in his own house. Cornwall Lewis soon found another seat in the House of Commons, but this ultimately led to his resigning the Editorship of the Review, for in 1855, on Mr. Gladstone leaving the ministry, Lord Palmerston offered to Sir George the Chancellor-



ship of the Exchequer. On accepting it the latter, of course, resigned his connection with the *Review*, and Messrs. Longman nominated the late Mr. Henry Reeve as his successor.

The late Editor of the *Review* continued to manage and direct it till his death, only seven years ago. As years proceed Editors and contributors change. In the world of politics new situations arise, new forces come into play, new measures are proposed and contested, questions never contemplated by our ancestors have to be answered. Reeve made it his endeavor to face the problems of the day as they arose in the firm, moderate, calm-judging spirit which Bagehot attributes to the Whig character. In his eyes the *Review* represented a great tradition. And a believer in political principle himself, he disliked the opportunism bred of the pressure of momentary conditions as much as he condemned the substitution of mere personal devotion to a great leader for a firm and ardent attachment to a great cause. His notion of true wisdom in statesmanship was that of the late Poet Laureate:—

to maintain  
The day against the moment, and the  
year  
Against the day.

As a very young man, owing to his exceptional familiarity with French and German, and the confidence which men felt in his character and judgment, he had become intimate in a very unusual degree with the statesmen of the Continent. For many years practically directing, under the superintendence of the Editor of the "*Times*," the foreign policy of that great journal, he had obtained a close insight into the relations between our own and other nations, between our statesmen and theirs. With the late Editor of the *Review*—

the new Chancellor of the Exchequer—and Lord Clarendon he was on terms of close friendship. His post at the Privy Council brought him into constant intercourse with all the great lawyers of the day, and his tastes led him to see much of the diplomatic world of London. A man of wide reading and general culture, he was deeply interested in English and foreign literature; but as he lived an active life amongst men of action, it was clear that in his time, as before it, the *Review* would escape the danger of getting into the hands of the small literary coteries and cliques so obnoxious to the soul of Jeffrey.

If space permitted, it would be interesting to trace the gradual development of ideas and of feeling amongst the thinking part of the community in reference to that "State and Church" controversy on which Macaulay and Gladstone had taken different sides. In Roman Catholic times ecclesiastical pretensions conflicted often enough with the temporal power of the State, and our ancestors knew how to vindicate their civil liberties. Since the Reformation in England and Scotland Anglican and Presbyterian "high-fliers" have at times asserted claims which, whatever their abstract merits, are entirely incompatible with the maintenance of a State Church. Three years before Macaulay had reviewed Gladstone, Arnold of Rugby had denounced in the *Review* in the severest language the aims and motives of that extravagant High-Churchmanship of Oxford, which was to lead so many Anglicans into the Papal fold. The "Oxford Malignants" seemed probably to the Editor a happy title to bestow on Arnold's paper; but it was one which not unnaturally gave additional offence to those who fell under its scourge. The trustees of Rugby School invited Dr. Arnold to acknowledge the article, and the dismis-

sal of the most distinguished school-master of the nineteenth century was actually in contemplation. Arnold, however, maintained his ground; and in later years in the *Review* the fight against sacerdotal ascendancy was maintained in a wider spirit of charity, but with no less force and courage, by his great disciple Dean Stanley. Henry Rogers, in the same pages, from a somewhat Puritanical standpoint, frequently discussed matters of theological or ecclesiastical interest, whilst Sir James Stephen, Permanent Under-Secretary of the Colonial Office (whom his colleague Henry Taylor used to nickname "Over Secretary" and "King Stephen"), out of a very large number of articles, contributed over a long series of years, had in many papers lent his weight to the same side. The names of the articles contributed by the late Dean of Westminster recall the fierce controversies of the latter half of last century. "Essays and Reviews," 1861; "Ritualism," 1867; "The Pope and the Council," 1871; "The Bennett Judgement," 1872; "Religious Movements in Germany," 1881, are a few of these. With Dean Stanley's wide spirit of toleration, and his dislike to ecclesiastical pretensions, Reeve was entirely in accord. The latter's article of July, 1868, on "The National Church," is a noble plea for

enlarging the boundaries of the Church of England, so far as is consistent with the maintenance of the essential truths of Christianity; for endeavoring to make her more and more the Church of the people; for surrendering those trifling grounds of difference which, however inconsiderable in themselves, and in no degree essential to our own faith, are stumbling blocks to the faith of others, where they are unconditionally enforced; and thus rendering the Church more comprehensive, more tolerant, and therefore more national.

Mr. Gladstone in 1867, leading, like Lord John Russell in 1846, the Liberal Opposition on the eve of its return to power, like him contributed a noteworthy article to the *Review*. In "The Session and its Sequel"<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gladstone reviews the remarkable events of the session just concluded. Mr. Disraeli had induced the Tory party, which two years before had triumphantly thrown out the moderate Reform Bill of Lord Russell's Government as being far too democratic, itself to pass a measure far more extreme than any statesman had advocated—conduct which, though it bought a few months' success in the House of Commons, destroyed for a time the credit of his party with the country. Authority, urged Mr. Gladstone, can never long be severed from public esteem and confidence, and of these the session of 1867 had, he asserted, robbed the Tory party. The day of retribution was near, and "the moral of the session lay in fresh proofs that parties, like individuals, can only enjoy a solid prosperity by building on the rock of honor, truth, and the confidence which they alone engender."

Two months later the country had pronounced against Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Gladstone's ministry was in power. The great Government of 1868 opened its first session with a majority of 120 at its back in the House of Commons. It used well the power it had won, and it has left a record of work done which certainly no later ministry has surpassed. The disestablishment of the Church of Ireland, the Irish Land Act, the Abolition of Purchase, and Army Reform, the Education Act, the Judicature Act, and the Ballot Act were measures of the very first importance. Many other minor but useful measures became law, before the sudden dissolution of 1874

<sup>1</sup> *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1867.

brought about the fall of the Liberal ministry. The Review, which had rejoiced at the wide composition of the ministry of 1868 and at the introduction of Mr. Bright and other "new men" into the Cabinet, and had heartily supported all its great measures, in an article in April, 1874, sounded a first note of warning. The wide experience and cautious spirit of the Editor had taken alarm. In the past the Whig party, said the Review, had been in alliance at one time with Irish Roman Catholics to put down Protestant bigotry and religious intolerance in Ireland, at another time with Protestant nonconformity in fighting the battle of the Test Act. But the Whig party did not on that account become either Roman Catholic or nonconformist, and in each case the alliance was formed in order to bring about an event which Whig statesmanship held dear—the triumph of civil and religious liberty. For certain great purposes Whig statesmanship and the "Manchester School" had worked together, but for all that Whig statesmen and Whig principles had never been identified with the Manchester School, any more than Whigs had become Repealers after having been for a time allied with Daniel O'Connell. "We hold, and have ever held," wrote the Review, "that in the Whig party lies the centre of gravity of Liberal politics in England." To alter materially the centre of gravity would upset the ship. The spirit of English politics was moderation, and the recent elections had shown that, let candidates label themselves as they would, what the country wanted was government on lines of steady progress, not Radical changes on the one side, or Tory opposition to all advance on the other. In Mr. Gladstone's conduct there was reason to fear that the direction of the Liberal party was about for the first time to fall into

the hands of extremists, and, if so, that party would very soon lose the public confidence which since 1832 it had so preponderantly enjoyed.

These views implied a distrust of Mr. Gladstone which was certainly not at that time shared by the younger and more energetic members of the Liberal party. Mr. Disraeli's government proved unfortunate. Small wars which brought little of honor or advantage had been entered upon, and though the nation had kept out of the Russo-Turkish war, it was by no means clear that its thanks for that great service were due to its ministers, who at times of trial and difficulty had shown themselves hopelessly vacillating and divided amongst themselves. On the eve of the General Election the Review returned to the charge ("Plain Whig Principles," January, 1880), quoting, with approval, a private letter from Earl Russell, written after the Liberal *débâcle* of 1874, expressing the conviction that whenever the Liberal party was reconstituted it would be on a Whig basis. In that party there must, of course, always be individuals who hold extreme and eccentric views. "Men of patriotic and benevolent minds may think it desirable to ask the sanction of Parliament to the Permissive Liquor Bill, the female franchise, or even the propagation of smallpox and other diseases." But the Liberals, as a party, can only be strong by union, and this can only take place if the cardinal principles common to the whole party are upheld. Could Mr. Gladstone be trusted to refuse firmly to yield to demagogues and fanatics the guidance that should belong to statesmen, backed as they were sure to be in the long run by the solid opinion of moderate Englishmen of all classes of the community? *This* was the question, implied rather than expressed, which ran through the whole

article. Even then Home Rule was a cry not without effect in English constituencies where Irish voters were numerous.

On a question of vital importance to the existence of the State, it is a mean and treacherous action to disguise an opinion, or to court popularity by supporting a measure because it cannot be carried. A seat is purchased too dearly at such a sacrifice of honor and of truth. The people of England and Scotland will never consent to abandon Ireland to the revolutionary passions of a separate legislature, and whatever may be the equivocal language of the timid and weak in the Liberal camp, this is a principle on which we are convinced that the leaders of the Whig party immovably stand.

The great mass of Liberals, however, placed implicit trust in Mr. Gladstone, and the majority by which, in the spring of 1880, he was returned to power seemed to the party at large to promise for the country such an era of peace abroad and steady progress at home as had rendered his first ministry for ever famous. It was not long before troubles and difficulties arose—some inevitable, others clearly attributable to weakness and vacillation in high places. As regards Ireland, legislation not merely of a far-reaching character, but founded on entirely novel principles, was passed. "Free trade in land" had been a Liberal principle, if ever there was one; especially favored, moreover, by Radical reformers and eminent members and writers of the Cobden Club. State regulation of the land was the panacea of Mr. Gladstone's government for Ireland. Mr. Gladstone's vehement advocacy of the new policy differed very considerably from the weighty reasons alleged in its support by Lord Hartington. By the former the old teachings and tried principles of political economy were lightly dismissed.

Only establish the new system, he declared, and the secular wrangling between landlords and tenants in Ireland would for ever cease. By the Whig leader it was urged with much truth that, as a mere matter of fact, a deadlock existed between rent-receivers and rent-payers; for the time, free contract was at an end, and some system of compulsory arbitration must take place in the interest of both, so as to provide a *modus vivendi*, till natural forces again came into play. Even more responsible than his Land Bill for alienating moderate men from Mr. Gladstone's following was the weakness of his administration in Ireland. The events of 1881-1882, the tyranny established by the Land League, the inability of the constituted authorities to defend the rights of law-abiding men, caused the deepest dissatisfaction amongst a large number of Liberals, who were beginning to fear that Mr. Gladstone, in accordance with the specious phrase—conciliation before coercion—was neglecting the first duty of all civilized government—the maintenance of the law. Men who knew anything of the feeling of the Liberal side of the House of Commons during the years 1881-1884 fully realized the danger to the party, as well as to the country at large, which a surrender on the part of Liberal statesmanship to Irish disaffection was bound to produce.

The Review from early days had shared these fears. It would tolerate no combination with those who were avowedly aiming at the disintegration of the kingdom, and who, in the meantime, were arrogating to themselves in Ireland an authority superior to the law. In 1886 the final crisis came. The General Election was no sooner over than Mr. Gladstone made known his conversion to the project long advocated by Mr. Parnell of establishing a separate Parliament and Govern-

ment in Ireland. This policy, which he had hitherto denounced, he now declared to be the fundamental principle of the Liberal party; and he called upon all Liberals, notwithstanding their recent utterances to the contrary at the General Election, to declare for Home Rule! A new position was thus created, which those who had long advocated the cause of Liberalism had to face. Lord Hartington was a Liberal, so were John Bright, Sir Henry James, Lord Selborne, Mr. Peter Rylands, and many others in both Houses of Parliament and in the country, who had spent their energies for many years in the service of the party. The Review was the oldest and most constant Liberal of them all; but it had always maintained in political controversy that party should be based on fundamental principles, not on mere personal allegiance to leaders, however eminent. In former days its relations had become strained with a far truer exponent of Liberalism than Mr. Gladstone—viz., with Lord John Russell, who in 1857 had thought it his duty to combine with the Conservative party against the Liberal ministry of Lord Palmerston. An article in the Review, written by Mr. Lowe, then Vice-President of the Board of Trade, far too much, it must be owned, in the spirit of an official subordinate, whose place had been in danger, savagely attacked Lord John. The latter's friends brought the matter before Mr. Thomas Longman, the son and successor of the original publisher of the Review, complaining that the article was inconsistent with its Whig character. He thought it right to intimate to Lord John his regret for the personal attack that had been made upon him; for great had been the wrath of the Whig statesman that he, the embodiment of true Whiggism, should have been censured by a Review which wore "the uniform

of Charles James Fox."<sup>2</sup> And we may add this little incident shows that the publisher of a political periodical is at times called upon to exercise both tact and judgment.

In January, 1886, in the opinion of those who guided the Review, the party, headed by Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen, joined a few months later by Mr. Chamberlain, represented far more truly than the Home Rule Alliance, that was now formed between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell, the principles dear to the Whig party. In article after article, for more than eighty years, the duty of moderate reform had been urged—of resistance to obstructive Toryism on the one hand, and, if need be, to reckless Radicalism on the other. The time foreseen had arrived. The moderating influence was withdrawn from what still called itself the Liberal party; but *its center of gravity had changed*, with the natural consequence that since then it has not been able to stand upright!

History will never forget the great services rendered to the State by Mr. Gladstone; though it is natural that for a time the fatal error of his declining years should obscure in men's eyes the high qualities of his earlier statesmanship. As an ardent free-trader his name will live with that of Sir Robert Peel as the founder of the commercial system under which the country has for the last half-century grown and prospered to an extent without precedent in our history. To a journal of which in their day Francis Horner and McCulloch were pillars, it was inevitable that the transcendent financial genius of Mr. Gladstone, his sound economic doctrines, his firm faith in the merits—commercial and political—of free trade, would strongly appeal. And when, after much consideration, Mr. Glad-

<sup>2</sup> Letter from Lord John Russell to Mr. Longman.



stone, in 1859, enlisted under the Whig banner of Lord Palmerston, and became Chancellor of the Exchequer, there was every reason to hope that the Liberal party had received an accession of strength which would be beneficial both to themselves and the country. And for many a long year these hopes were fulfilled.

The strong sympathy for freedom abroad shown by Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Gladstone, and the services they were able to render to Italian nationality, received the warm approval of everything that was best in the Liberal party. As regards domestic affairs, after Lord Palmerston's death, the younger and more energetic members of that party, who had borne with some impatience the postponement of reform during the Palmerstonian régime, welcomed Mr. Gladstone's succession to the lead of the House of Commons, and the formation of a more advanced ministry by Lord Russell. The Reform Bill of 1866 was the result. In no period of our parliamentary history have speeches more eloquent, more worthy of a great subject and of a great statesman, been delivered than those of Mr. Gladstone in 1866 and 1867. They roused to a high pitch the enthusiasm of the country, which at the General Election at the end of 1868 gave him overwhelming support. To Mr. Gladstone's first ministry we have already referred. The many reforms it carried were thought out, and thorough, and their merits are now recognized by many of those who at the time opposed them. Amongst the greatest of the measures of that time was Mr. Forster's Education Act, the great foundation of our system of national education. It is sad to call to mind that amongst the bitterest opponents of Mr. Forster were Liberals who attached more importance to sectarian controversy than to the promo-

tion of national education. Their attention was solely concentrated upon the famous 25th clause; and when the dissolution came the discontent of a large portion of the Nonconformist wing, always, and most deservedly, an important section of the Liberal party, was one of the principal causes of what was called the Conservative reaction of 1874.

It must be admitted, however, that the close of the career of Mr. Gladstone's first ministry was marked by unfortunate occurrences. And the suddenness and manner of the dissolution itself, now known to be largely due to circumstances connected with Mr. Gladstone's peculiar position in regard to his own seat in the House of Commons, were almost an outrage on decent constitutional usage. The principal "plank in his platform," to use an American expression, was the abolition of the income tax—a proposal about which he had not even consulted his colleagues in the Cabinet. This was not the way in which hitherto great political changes had been introduced to the British people. The electorate apparently resented electioneering tactics over which no veil of decency had been thrown. Mr. Gladstone received an overwhelming defeat at the polls, threw up the leadership of the Opposition in the House of Commons, and left it to Lord Hartington to hold together the Liberal party in the time of its adversity, and to repair its strength. Patriotically, ably, and wisely this duty was performed; but it was recognized on all hands that the great majority of 1880 was due principally to the vehemence and burning zeal of Mr. Gladstone, who, after some two years of retreat, had again thrown himself into the political fray.

Mr. Gladstone once said, with a smile, that in the course of his life he had been called many names, but

no one had ever ventured to call him a Whig. And there was in his conduct throughout, even when he was doing excellent work in the eyes of good Liberals, something that jarred with Whig instincts. As Lord Justice Bowen, as long ago as 1878, said to Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, "opinion with Mr. Gladstone was a zymotic disease." There was something unhealthy—almost feverish—in the way in which he treated great political subjects: such, for instance, as income-tax repeal, Bulgarian atrocities, and Home Rule, to mention three only out of many examples that might be given. Where, again, on the many occasions when the politics of the day seem to trench more or less on matters arousing religious controversy, he might always be trusted to sympathize with the ecclesiastical view of the situation. In this also he was no Whig. Great leader of the Liberal party as he was, these things raised in the mind of no small number of the thinking men amongst his followers a doubt whether they and he would always be able to work together.

In 1886, as we have said, the final crash came. The Liberal party—Whig and Radical—at the dissolution in the winter of 1885 stood together under Mr. Gladstone's leadership for the last time. Mr. Parnell ordered the Irish vote in England to be thrown on the side of the Conservatives. But the Liberal leader had, nevertheless, the support of a large majority of the constituencies of Great Britain. In the House of Commons the Liberal members were now equal to Conservatives and Nationalists together. In these circumstances Mr. Gladstone, without thinking it necessary to gain the approval of his colleagues, embraced Home Rule, and declared it to be the central doctrine of the Liberal creed.

It was no light matter to break

with such a leader as Mr. Gladstone. Those who knew him recognized the absolute sincerity of his conviction that the policy he was pursuing was for the good of his country. But what responsible men had to ask themselves was no question as to Mr. Gladstone's motives, but simply whether they could any longer look upon him as a safe guide. The greatness of his qualities, his ascendancy over lesser men, his deep earnestness only rendered him the more dangerous. If Mr. Parnell's policy was a wise and sound one, Mr. Gladstone's whole political career, so far as it concerned Ireland, down to January, 1886, was a mistake. In the most dangerous crisis of recent times Lord Hartington's action saved the State. With Mr. Bright and Mr. Goschen he stood firm against all solicitations to join Mr. Gladstone in preparing a measure for the establishment of an Irish Parliament and executive Government in Dublin. From January to April Mr. Gladstone's assurances that Home Rule meant true union drew over to his support many weak-kneed men. But the situation hardened on the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, which made it necessary for members, with their eyes opened to Mr. Gladstone's real policy, to take sides definitely for or against it. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Trevelyan now joined Lord Hartington. The Bill was rejected, nearly a hundred Liberals voting against it. The country supported the House of Commons, and the "Dissentient Liberals" rapidly constituted themselves into a powerful "Liberal Unionist party."

These events of half a generation ago have decided the subsequent course of English politics. The Liberal Unionist action of 1886 has been completely justified. It has been proved that the Union can be maintained, that law and order can be upheld in Ireland, that the British House

of Commons is not at the mercy of the Irish Nationalist members, and bound for the sake of its own peace and efficiency to accept the disintegrating policy which Mr. Parnell or his successors would force upon it. Events have also shown that the rejection of Home Rule, and the defeat of the Home Rule alliance, have not condemned the country to a period of "Tory stagnation." The Unionist administrations that since the General Election of 1886 have been in power have carried measures of wide reform which would have brought no little credit to any purely Liberal ministry. The statutes establishing representative local government in counties, and in London, and for providing free education, have taken away all reality from the taunt that Unionist is a new word signifying Old Tory. In simple truth the Liberal Unionist party has accomplished almost to the letter the arduous task which in 1886 Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain advised it to undertake. Thus "plain Whig principles" are still in the ascendant, denounced, no doubt, as heretofore by extremists of both the great parties, but forming nevertheless the groundwork of English political feeling amongst the large majority of educated, responsible men.

The triumph of the Unionist party, Conservative and Liberal, has in truth been so complete that their adversaries now hardly venture to keep the Home Rule flag flying. What, then, is to divide parties, if, by general consent of English politicians, the policy for which Mr. Gladstone fought is abandoned? For our part we should gladly see the Opposition rid itself of the millstone that has so long hung round its neck. As yet it remains to be proved that it has so freed itself or can so free itself; and till this is shown, the country can put no confidence in the unionism of the Liberal

party. No statesmen will get the support of the country, however they may label themselves or their followers, who cannot be trusted to maintain the parliamentary union of England and Ireland. Lord Rosebery is not the only leading Liberal who has come to recognize that with the electorate of Great Britain unionism is a *sine qua non*.

Circumstances and conditions have greatly changed with the political, literary, and scientific world since first

. . . . "The Review"

Spread its light wings of saffron and of blue.

The functions of a quarterly critical journal in 1902 are not precisely those which it was the mission of the "Edinburgh" to perform a hundred years ago. There is certainly to-day no lack in quantity of criticism. Journalism has become the profession of a very large number of highly cultivated men and women, who justly pride themselves on their marvellous literary facility, and their readiness to turn to account the results of their own extensive reading. There probably never was a time when there was more ability of this kind available. Reviewing has, in recent years, become one of the regular functions of the daily press, and it is even the fashion for newspapers to publish reviews of books likely to interest the public on the very day that they appear! The monthly reviews, whatever the reason, do not concern themselves very largely with the discussion of general literature, and the weekly papers, which, as a matter of course, notice all the new books of any importance, though they often contain conspicuously able reviews, yet, from the necessary limitations of space, leave a wide field of usefulness open to quarterly critics. Books that have taken able and learned men years to write deserve to

be pondered, not merely to be read, by those who would give a really adequate account of them, and would *criticise* them in the old and true sense of the word. It is one great advantage of the quarterlies, that even in these days of electricity they have time to think!

In the regions of science, and in the study of Nature, it is needless to refer to the gigantic strides that have been made. In a later article we discuss at length some of the results that have flowed from the life-long researches and patient investigations of Darwin. It is not without interest that in one of the very earliest numbers of the Review<sup>3</sup> we comment in the following words upon the theories of his father, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, as disclosed in his poem the "Temple of Nature." "Darwin seems to think himself warranted in concluding that there are no fixed or insurmountable barriers between the different species of animals." Half a century later came the epoch-making "Origin of Species"; and now after another fifty years we are able to take stock of the manifold results, direct or indirect, that have followed from the development of the Darwinian theory. A third generation of Darwins has now made its mark in the study of natural phenomena, and already takes a front rank amongst those who are driving back the limitations of human knowledge.

Still, when all is said and done, no approach has been made to laying bare the great secrets of Nature. The heavens are not rendered less mysterious by the discovery that the heavenly bodies conform to rigid laws; nor is humanity more intelligible because in the animal and vegetable world fixed rules appear to regulate the variation of species. In the great controversies of the century both sides—the men of science and the men of re-

ligion—have learned something. The former have begun modestly to admit that their knowledge only carries them a certain way, and that beyond the large area in which they operate, they are no better qualified than others to lay down the law. "They didn't know *everything* down in Judee." On the other hand, if we may say so with all respect, the protagonists of supernaturalism have in these same controversies learned to lay greater store by common sense. They are learning to regard as friends the reasoning faculties of the human brain. They are ceasing to be afraid of every increase to our stock of demonstrated truth, and even to find in the highest exercise of "the reasoning powers divine," additional cause for their belief in a region above and beyond this material world.

For the greater part of the first half of last century several of the great Whig magnates took an interest in literature and the arts, second only to their interest in politics. The names of Holland House, Lansdowne House, and Bowood, recall to every one a time when Whiggism and literature went hand in hand, and a society where Edinburgh reviewers were as much in their element as when enjoying further north the more modest but not less hearty hospitality of the "Duke of Craigcrook."<sup>4</sup> The move southwards of the headquarters of the "Edinburgh Review" was, in truth, but the formal recognition of facts. Modern facilities of travel and communication have tended to establish in the capital of the United Kingdom whatever influences are intended to operate in more than local spheres. As Brougham, and Horner, and Sydney Smith, and many another of the early Edinburgh reviewers were drawn south, so it happened ultimately with the Review itself. Under modern conditions

<sup>3</sup> Edinburgh Review, July, 1803.

<sup>4</sup> So Sydney Smith nicknamed Jeffrey.

It was found that its energies could be best directed and its influence most widely exerted from London.

It is impossible without breaking through that rule of anonymity which has always been observed by the "Edinburgh Review" to show how closely the early advice of Lord Jeffrey has throughout been followed—viz., to keep its criticism as free as possible from the influence of mere literary cliques. As has been said, its contributors have always been very largely drawn from amongst those who are not exclusively men of the pen. Lord Houghton, who himself made known the authorship of many of his articles, is a typical instance of a man of literary distinction, who mixed, nevertheless, in political life

The Edinburgh Review.

and practical affairs, and who contributed largely to the Review. To his lot it fell to review "Atlanta in Calydon," "The Spanish Gypsy," and "Lothair," as well as to contribute many papers discussing European and general politics. Elsewhere in the present day the rule of anonymous writing may no longer be observed. Here the old tradition prevails. In every profession and in every walk of life the most distinguished men have ever been ready, and even proud, to give us their help. But we can make no mention in these pages of contributors in the past who have not themselves chosen to disclose their identity, nor of those who in this, the second century of its existence, most ably support the "Edinburgh Review."

### JANE AUSTEN'S NOVELS.

Miss Austen's fame is great, her adorers are many. It is three-quarters of a century since she died, and still the incense hides the altar. The devotees, more numerous with every year that passes by, stand round with drawn swords and compel our homage. Fifty years ago Lord Macaulay acclaimed her "Shakespearean," it is but the other day<sup>1</sup> that Mr. Howells called her "divine." The generous enthusiasm of Macaulay compels us to listen to all that he says. As for Mr. Howells, it must be admitted that *The Rise of Silas Lapham* is as good work as the best of Jane Austen's. So that when a great master accords divine honors to an authoress (sprung from a race that he cordially despises) we must perforce take note of his estimate.

But really: Shakespearean? Divine?

<sup>1</sup> In "Criticism and Fiction."

Are there any two qualities more entirely lacking to Miss Austen? She was essentially human, with a graceful realism; wholly ladylike and reserved in her treatment of life; a patient and accurate observer of what facts lay around her in one tiny circle. She is a stranger to the Alps and torrents of Shakespearean English. In Miss Austen's landscape there are pleasant grass plots, well trimmed lawns, and neatly planned hedgerows. There are no acclivities more alarming than those which our grandmothers were wont to tend as "rockeries." Externals count for much with her. The rush and riot of Shakespearean life, its tumultuous passions, its hell-black tragedies, and its glimpses of heavens undreamed of—I do protest that all these things would be vastly improper in Miss Austen's world.

What was Miss Austen's world?



Take the world of to-day and eliminate Japan; eliminate China and the South Seas—all Asia, in fact, except India. In Europe eliminate everything except France. For purposes of polite conversation you may include the Rhine. If you have been to Vienna you have travelled. Berlin was a provincial town; there was nothing to see in Russia except the Court and the British Embassy. The chief wonder about Russia was whether the traditions of Peter the Great would be strong enough to enable the Czar to hold together his hordes of barbarians long enough for them to become a nation. Europe, then, consisted of France (the home of the most dangerous principles and the most abominable innovations) and England (called by Providence to keep France in order). If you could allude to a fever caught at Ancona, you showed that you had been in Italy and were probably conversant with the Fine Arts; but socially and politically Italy was dead.

Socially and politically the United States were in pining infancy. South America was a wilderness, Africa and Australia unexplored and in great part undiscovered. Such was Miss Austen's world considered from the geographical point of view—England and France; it is permissible to include the West Indies, which formed a powerful interest at that time. It is very important to remember how small Miss Austen's world was. We are thus saved the annoyance and surprise at finding ourselves called upon to consider seriously the doings of children of seventeen who have never been outside their village. Considering the size of the world at that time, this amounted to experience of the world; while a man who had nearly taken his degree had really done a good deal of what there was for him to do in life. In this thinly populated and obscure

corner of the world of to-day Miss Austen's characters lived and moved and had their being. What were Miss Austen's characters? The answer is easy—they were ladies and gentlemen. She herself was a lady, and she wrote like a lady. She saw nothing that a lady might not see; she heard nothing that a lady might not hear; she recorded nothing that a lady might not record. There are little unconscious touches here and there that show how charmingly and winningly ignorant she was of what was really going on around her. These add a zest to what she actually records, for we may be sure that she wrote of nothing that she could not treat with knowledge. There are no attempts to describe, from hearsay, debaucheries with which she was totally unacquainted. There is no low life; there is no high life; there are no fatiguing passages in dialect.

A word on Miss Austen's realism. It is genuine realism; not the bastard realism of later days. According to the school to which we have grown accustomed to allow the monopoly of "realism," nothing exists that is not disgusting. Miss Austen saw more sanely. There were dreadful things in her world, it is true: putrid sore throats, for example. But also there were many pleasant things. Perhaps she did not take a very wide view of life; but as far as her observation went she saw evenly and recorded fairly.

As to her characters, they all came from one class—the class of gentry, *i.e.* people entitled to bear coat-armor. In the England of to-day, this definition is not precise. There are many gentlemen who are not entitled to bear coat-armor, and *vice versa*. But it really was a social guide in Miss Austen's day. First and foremost in the land were the landed gentry, of which class it might be said with jus-

tice that even the peers were no more than its most conspicuous members. This class, so powerful once, of so little account now, settled all social questions. Either you were one of the A's of B—shire, or else your existence required explaining and justifying. You might belong to the professional classes—a very much smaller body of men than the same people nowadays. There was the Church, of course—that was highly respectable—and there was the Bar. But attorneys, surgeons, and City people were quite impossible. Physicians, with some reservations, could be known, and the Army would do if you were in the Guards; but the Navy was on a different footing: all sorts of queer people went into the Navy.

These considerations really guided the actions of the people who inhabited Miss Austen's world; and Miss Austen herself recognized the propriety of respecting them. She writes of them as natural and convenient distinctions, and shows no desire to portray ardent human nature struggling against the bonds of convention. On the contrary, *Emma* is the careful study of a young lady who presumes to suppose that the natural distinction existing between ladies and people who are not ladies, can be treated lightly or, perhaps, ignored. There is no passion in her books, it would not be ladylike, and when we admire the felicity of her language and the delicacy of her work, we must recollect that what action there may be moves in a very narrow arena, and that the incidents are trivial and superficial.

Miss Austen's work is eighteenth century in its subject-matter and treatment. She never saw a railway-train; and, although much of her life was passed in the nineteenth century, there is not in her pages the faintest echo of its busy and distracted life. She was born in the year 1775, when

the coronation of Louis the Sixteenth was a recent event, and she died two years after the battle of Waterloo. She was, therefore, thirty years old when the news of Trafalgar reached England, and forty when Napoleon was overthrown. There are a few references to "the war" in her novels, but you would never suppose that she was referring to a death-struggle between England and France. Although the rivalry of six hundred years culminated in twenty years of conflict corresponding to the twenty years of Miss Austen's literary life, it would appear as if "the war" was of no greater national importance than a war with Ashanti. Were there no illuminations for Camperdown, for the Nile, for St. Vincent, for Trafalgar, for Waterloo? Apparently not. Also apparently Miss Austen never saw an invalid or a pensioner, or met anyone in mourning for a relative who had fallen in the service of his country. Also, apparently, nobody ever grumbled at the taxes, although they must have been appallingly heavy, and were borne by the very class which was the object of her studies.

The Napoleonic wars would appear to have been fought for the purpose of giving young gentlemen in the army an opportunity for displaying their gay clothes. Also they were useful in enabling young officers of the Navy to gain prize-money, so that they might marry pretty girls and settle down respectably in England. The woes and joys (if these are not too violent expressions for the emotions of Charlottes and Carolines) of very young lovers and very young married people are all that Miss Austen has to write about. The elders form an agreeable background, now thwarting, now sympathizing, encouraging, interfering with, or soothing the young people.

But we know that, in point of fact, whatever Miss Austen may have

found interesting or the reverse, England was stirred to its depths by the war. Tribulation and mourning were heard throughout the land. The nation was shaken with the sensations of terrible triumphs and terrible disasters. Never was there a more Shakespearean time: not even Shakespeare's own. It is not Miss Austen's fault that she is so very un-Shakespearean. She herself would have been much chagrined had anyone ventured on such a comparison in her presence. Or, if she had been in merry mood, she would have "vowed that you were the very drollest creature" or a "shocking quiz."

In fact, if she ever thought of herself and Shakespeare in the same minute she must have concluded that her only chance of success was to aim at being as unlike him as possible. She called herself, modestly, a miniaturist, and she is credited, as one of her many triumphs, with having destroyed the school of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*.

That novel, no longer read, depends much upon incident. The incidents are all unusual and exciting. The scene is continually changed, and there are murders amid gloomy surroundings. It had an immense vogue and was much imitated by writers who thought that with a ghost and a murder and a haunted castle they could make a story. A great many bad stories of this kind were produced, and it certainly was unfortunate that young ladies' heads should be so turned by this tinsel tragedy that they could not stay in a country house without imagining that some disreputable secret haunted the family. *Northanger Abbey* pokes gentle fun at this school of mock romance, although it would perhaps be too much to say that it "destroyed" the school.

But the claim is that Miss Austen destroyed this school with its unwhole-

some habit of appealing to the sensational and the melodramatic, and that she did so by showing how really interesting the common events of everyday life might be made to appear.

It may be so, and it may be that this is to her credit. But, after all, what is *Hamlet* but a yarn about a ghost and a murder and a haunted castle? And if it comes to reproaching the sensationalists with too lavish introduction of incident, how does *Hamlet* stand? We have poison, steel, suicide, madness, murder, the wrecking of great kingdoms, battle, and sudden death all in five acts. The play streams with gore. No imitator of Shakespeare was ever so lavish with incident as Shakespeare himself. It is not that the school of writing is bad that insists on a plot with incidents. Mr. Howells would have us believe that it is. Nevertheless, the *Mysteries of Udolpho* is only indifferent work in the school of Shakespeare, and the school which Miss Austen founded—the school of analysis and introspection—is capable of producing just as tedious work in its way as the *Mysteries of Udolpho*. But the people who decry the *Mysteries* have perhaps not read that dismal composition. When they have read it they will allow that it is tedious, not because of the fatiguing frequency of improbable incidents, but because of its sentimental tone and wearisome style. In effect the incidents are few, when the vast length of the story is considered. The real superiority of Jane Austen's work lies in her admirable style; the real drawback to enjoying her work is that it is about nothing at all. Whereas the school of the *Mysteries* held that startling incidents (as unlikely as possible) were what a story chiefly needed, and that style and truthfulness signified nothing, Miss Austen, on the contrary, put style and truthfulness first and avoided romance like the plague.

The result is that each of her stories is exactly like the last, and that much of her narrative is hopelessly uninteresting.

It does not matter, for instance, whether Frank Churchill "was most deedily occupied about Mrs. Bates's spectacles"; or that when "Mr. Woodhouse had drank his tea he was ready to go home"; or that Mr. Knightley's boys' "glowing faces showed all the benefit of a country run, and seemed to ensure a quick despatch of the roast mutton and rice pudding they were hastening home for."

Nothing turns on these incidents, and they are not, in themselves, of any importance at all. But (says the devotee) look at the observation of life—the marvellous record of detail! There is, it is true, observation of life; although it does not require exceptional powers of observation to have grasped the fact that children often have roast mutton and rice pudding for dinner, and that running makes them hungry. There is, it is true, much detail recorded; but it is unimportant detail. It is not the mere accumulation of detail that marks the artist; it is the selection of detail.

This, then, is the point at which we may, after much pondering, pause and contemplate Miss Austen's work with some sense that we approach it intelligently if perhaps clumsily.

Knitting needles are more interesting to her than bayonets, perhaps because she can understand the management of the knitting needle and watch it in action; but she cannot say the same of the bayonet. To a country walk she will devote all her attention; but more exciting incidents are of less value to her and her story.

Sir Thomas Bertram going in person to look after his West Indian estates, and risking capture by French cruisers, is a plucky and interesting figure; but he is not the Sir Thomas whom

Miss Austen admires. Sir Thomas, "his mind disengaged from the cares which had pressed on him at first" (putting a stop to some private theatricals) and plunging into the petty gossip of his village; or Sir Thomas "the life of the party seated around the fire," and, with "the best right to be the talker," becoming "communicative and chatty in a very unusual degree," is the man stripped of all that makes him interesting. But this is the Sir Thomas of Miss Austen.

All honor to her for not writing about what she did not understand. All honor to her for not trying to describe an imaginary mutiny at sea, an imaginary conspiracy of the colored folk, an imaginary tussle with a fraudulent agent, or an imaginary encounter with a French privateer.

But do not let us be so far led astray by our admiration for Miss Austen's reticence and veracity that we must needs claim that her subjects are all interesting; because they are not. Incidentally, and as a touch of life and manners, it is important to know that in the intensely respectable circle of Mansfield Park cards and dancing were encouraged, whilst private theatricals were forbidden. But the actual process of stopping the private theatricals is not interesting or amusing or important.

It must have been a dull world, after all. It appears to have been impossible for a gentleman to address words of the commonest civility to a lady without the gentlemen exchanging significant glances, whilst the ladies *rallied* their female friend on the evident *partiality* of dear Bingle for her society. The girls had the minds of odalisques. In childhood and youth they thought and talked all day long of nothing but men, and in maturer years of the men about whom their juniors were talking and thinking. At all ages they gossiped, gener-

ally with spiteful intent. If, however, we once relinquish all idea of being interested, and sedulously guide ourselves with the bookmark which a thoughtful publisher has provided for each volume of the charming edition now before me, we shall find Miss Austen's novels full of information.

But take this:—

The progress of Catherine's unhappiness from the events of the evening was as follows. It appeared first in a general dissatisfaction with everybody about her, while she remained in the rooms, which speedily brought on considerable weariness and a violent desire to go home. This, on arriving in Pulteney Street, took the direction of extraordinary hunger, and when that was appeased, clung into an earnest longing to be in bed. Such was the extreme point of her distress: for when there she immediately fell into a sound sleep, which lasted nine hours, and from which she awoke perfectly revived, in excellent spirits, with fresh hopes and fresh schemes.

This is dreadful stuff; but it was written in 1798, four years after the appearance of the *Mysteries*, and when sleepless nights were considered appropriate to heroines. Miss Austen was probably thinking of such passages as "all the busy scenes of the past and the anticipated ones of the future came to her anxious mind and conspired with the sense of her new situation to banish sleep"; or "thus passed the night in ineffectual struggles between affection and reason, and she rose in the morning with a mind weakened and irresolute and a frame trembling with illness."

Miss Austen will have none of this. Her heroines are ordinary healthy young women who live the most ordinary lives imaginable, and they are perfectly drawn. Even so Gerard Dou's cats are perfectly painted, even to the very iridescence of their whiskers. They are very bad cats, desti-

tute of all the points that mark the good cat; and one cannot help wondering, was it worth while? Miss Austen in the rage of her mental revolt from the ideal of the sentimental agonized heroine has gone far. Her work has been variously described as "the very smallest of small beer," and as "the rather uninteresting doings and very uninteresting sayings of totally uninteresting people"; she has been called "the prose Wordsworth."

There is much in these comments. Her self-imposed limitations compel her to chronicle small beer, and she chronicles it very industriously; but it remains small beer. As to the other comments which I have ventured to cite, the root of the matter is this: that the masculine element is altogether lacking in Miss Austen's work. It is, from beginning to end, feminine in tone. To say that "she wrote like a lady" is intended for very high praise, especially when we consider the scandalous rubbish that people professing and calling themselves ladies have been contented to sign. But it undoubtedly implies a restricted range of vision, which, though highly creditable, defines her artistically.

As one result, her portraits of girls and women are more successful than her portraits of men. Her best portraits of men are the portraits of those whose lives were passed in circumstances completely under her observation—stay-at-homes, invalids, and tame cats. All these are admirable. The robust types are mostly left in shadowy outline.

Her style suffers from restrictions similar to those which she imposed upon herself in regard to incident. Her stories move in a little circle—a country village, a seaport town, Bath—that is all. Her style—when she ruthlessly condemns herself to be dull—can thus be dulness itself. But also it can be as dainty and charming as any style



in which English is written. These lines, for instance—the opening lines of *Northanger Abbey*:

No one who had ever seen Catherine Morland in her infancy would have supposed her born to be an heroine. Her situation in life, the character of her father and mother, her own person and disposition, were all equally against her. Her father was a clergyman, without being neglected or poor, and a very respectable man, though his name was Richard and he had never been handsome. He had a considerable independence, besides two good livings, and he was not in the least addicted to locking up his daughters.

There are innumerable passages like this which are a pleasure to read, merely for the grace and skill with which the English is handled. It would be idle to attempt to sketch the plot of any one novel, for there is practically no plot in the ten volumes of her works. Some trifling event, a dance or a dinner party, brings her characters together in situations where they can speak and act; and accordingly they speak and act until they separate. The abiding interest of all this charming trifling is the contrast between then and now; the observation of what went to make correct behavior, correct manners, and correct speech one hundred years ago, in contrast with the speech and manners of to-day.

For example: Mr. Lucas, a tradesman of Meryton, rose to be mayor and became Sir William. The type is familiar; but the way in which Miss Austen speaks of him is remarkable. "For though elated by his rank it did not render him supercilious; on the contrary, he was all attention to everybody. By nature inoffensive, friendly, and obliging, his presentation at St. James's had made him courteous." Mr. Collins, a subservient person, married Sir William's daughter, and invited Sir

William to stay with him. Lady Catherine de Bourgh, the patroness of Mr. Collins's living, an impertinent old lady, invited the entire household to dinner, on which Mr. Collins thus expressed himself:

I confess that I should not have been at all surprised by her ladyship's asking us on Sunday to drink tea and spend the evening at Rosings. I rather expected, from my knowledge of her affability, that it would happen. But who could have foreseen such an attention as this? Who could have imagined that we should receive an invitation to dine there (an invitation, moreover, including the whole party) so immediately after your arrival?

"I am the less surprised at what has happened," replied Sir William, "from that knowledge of what the manners of the great really are, which my situation in life has allowed me to acquire. About the Court, such instances of elegant breeding are not uncommon."

The grovelling contentment of the man Collins, the imbecile gratification of Sir William, the massive impertinence of my lady, and the overpowering dulness of the party: which is the most remarkable?

They go to their dreary party, and this is what happens:

In spite of having been at St. James's Sir William was so completely awed by the grandeur surrounding him, that he had but just courage enough to make a very low bow, and take his seat without saying a word; and his daughter, frightened almost out of her senses, sat on the edge of her chair, not knowing which way to look.

The situation would be completely reversed to-day. It would be Lady Catherine who would be all civility in the hope of getting some sound financial information from Sir William; while Sir William would be slightly

patronizing and chiefly occupied in wondering with how cheap a "tip" he could pay for his dinner. As for the young lady, it is impossible to imagine any successful tradesman's daughter "frightened out of her wits" by a whole drawing-room full of Lady Catherine's.

Miss Austen's novels are all equally charming; and each is exactly like its predecessor and successor. The titles have very little relation to the contents. *Persuasion* might equally well be called *Dissuasion*, and the whole series could be appropriately named 1, 2, 3, . . . 10, without loss of coherence.

Where, then, are we to place Miss Austen as a novelist? Let us consider what that highly distinguished novelist and critic, Mr. W. D. Howells, has decided, and consider how far his ideas coincide with our own. "The art of fiction, as Jane Austen knew it, declined from her through Scott and Bulwer and Dickens and Charlotte Brontë and Thackeray and even George Eliot."<sup>2</sup>

There is no mistaking enthusiasm of this kind. The highest place is claimed, without any reserve, for Jane Austen. But how about the art of fiction declining from her through Scott and the others?

Surely these eminent men dwelt on different planes. To say that the art of fiction declined . . . in the way that Mr. Howells describes is not a substantial contribution to the inquiry, "Where are we to place Jane Austen?"

It would be as sensible to say that the art of painting as Raphael knew it declined through Michael Angelo and Holbein and Claude and Benjamin West and J. M. W. Turner and even George Du Maurier.

Nor, again, when we read a passage like the following, can we admit that

we are much advanced: "How, for instance, could people who had once known the simple verity, the refined perfection of Miss Austen, enjoy anything less refined and less perfect? With her example before them, why should not English novelists have gone on writing simply, honestly, artistically ever after?"

To ask these questions is merely to ask why, having once tasted sole, we should eat any other fish. There are many reasons: the salmon is less refined than the sole, but he is more sumptuous; the whiting is less perfect than the sole, but he is more dainty. And then as to honesty, *et cetera*. Are all English novelists dishonest, confused, inartistic?

In truth the author of *Fiction and Criticism* would have us take him for a critic; but he is a worshipper; and for the worshipper the thicker the cloud of incense the greater the merit of the act of devotion. We, who want to see the divinity face to face, would fain wait until the incense has arisen past the altar and the air is clear. And we are not to be deterred by being called "poor islanders," or by being told that we have "false theories and bad manners." Clearly we must give up all idea of being guided by Mr. Howells and decide for ourselves.

It need not be very hard. Miss Austen's work is good, but it is monotonous; it is dainty, but it is essentially feminine. We need not go far to find another artist with precisely these limitations in another art. Of whom can we say with truth that her work is graceful, correct, monotonous, and feminine? Obviously the sister artist to Jane Austen is Angelica Kauffmann.

In England a man who does not burn incense must expect to be called an iconoclast; appreciations are not wel-

<sup>2</sup> "Criticism and Fiction," p. 74.

<sup>3</sup> "Criticism and Fiction," p. 76.

<sup>4</sup> "Criticism and Fiction," p. 32.

comed. As Miss Austen is now in the forefront of fashion, "iconoclast" is probably the mildest epithet that will be applied to me. I should not be surprised to find myself acclaimed as the Devil's Advocate. Let us consider, then, what Miss Austen herself recorded of her own limitations. Nothing can be more interesting, for she was the least conceited of mortals and incapable of self-deception. She once received an intimation from an exalted quarter that portraits of learned clergymen would be appreciated. It is what might have been expected. From the way in which the Church is spoken of in her books it is clear that, as an institution, it commanded the respect and affection of the country, and yet the clergymen to whom we are introduced are slight and ordinary creatures. This is not consistent; and it is but natural that Miss Austen's admirers, perceiving how admirably she drew trivial people, should urge her to attempt greater work. She excuses herself in the following terms:

I am quite honored by your thinking me capable of drawing such a clergyman as you gave the sketch of in your note. But I assure you I am not. The comic part of the character I might be equal to, but not the good, the enthusiastic, the literary. Such a man's conversation must at times be on subjects of science and philosophy, of which I know nothing, or at least be occasionally abundant in quotations

and allusions, which a woman who, like me, knows only her mother tongue, and has read little in that, would be totally without the power of giving. A classical education or, at any rate, a very extensive acquaintance with English literature, ancient and modern, appears to me quite indispensable for the person who would do any justice to your clergyman; and I think I may boast myself to be with all possible vanity the most unlearned and uninformed female who ever dared to be an authoress.

This diffidence in reply to a very flattering invitation is truly refreshing. Nowadays an author, without receiving any invitation at all, is prepared to "get up" a subject, a city, a language, or an epoch, and to coin his information into shekels of silver (and even of gold) at the shortest notice, and very often does so with sufficient accuracy to deceive the unlearned to his, and their, mutual comfort. Assuredly there is nothing dishonest in the process; on the contrary, it is sound business, and very good business; but then it is business and not art. Miss Austen would have none of it, and her refusal to move out of the path where she trod so confidently and gracefully is not only refreshing in itself, but particularly fortifying to one who has ventured to indicate her place in the world of art and who discovers it to be the place that she had chosen for herself.

Walter Frewen Lord.

## THE LEGION OF STRANGERS.

I am not personally responsible for the above rendering into English of the name of a famous French Corps—*La Légion Etrangère*—which is the only really efficient piece of machinery at the disposal of that ubiquitous *Administration*, whose feverish desire to “govern” makes existence almost impossible to the unofficial population of Indo-China.

The phrase belongs to my friend Gunner Stevenson of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, and as I cannot attempt to reproduce the rest of his story in his own words, I think that it is only fair to give it a title in which I can quote him literally. He told me the tale of his experiences as I lay sick on my cot in the hospital in an eastern city, while he clawed my cigarette-papers to tatters in his large, unaccustomed fingers. He was a nice-looking young fellow, smart, alert and upstanding in his khaki uniform, and since he had eyes that could see, and a mind capable of assimilating his impressions, he had much to say that was worth listening to.

In the beginning, he explained, he had been a fool. The life of the British soldier in a garrison town of the tropics is dull to a degree that cannot adequately be expressed in set terms. Reveille at five, parade while the short hours of coolness last, breakfast, orderly-room later for the unfortunate, and then the long, empty, panting day during which men can only lie on their cots, kicking their heels and cursing their luck, or bickering aimlessly; and in which meals and a few uninteresting inspections and fatigues supply the only breaks in the interminable monotony. The white man's enemy, the sun, holds the men close prisoners until the afternoon brings coolness, for

soldiers are expensive, and their officers cannot risk allowing them to take their chance of heat-apoplexy with Europeans of the common run.

But even the two hours before the sun goes out with the suddenness of an extinguished candle bring but poor relief from the appalling boredom of the soldier's life. He may put on his forage-cap and walk down to the bazaar, or he may play cricket or football, but the time for recreation is all too short, and at 9.20 P. M. the bugle sounds “Lights out,” and the dreary day ends, to be followed by another which is its exact image. Try in imagination to spend a year or two composed wholly of days such as this, and you will begin to understand why it is that the more intelligent and active-minded of our soldiers in the East are occasionally possessed by a devil of madness, which drives them to perpetrate apparently inexplicable follies.

Gunner Stevenson endured barrack life for some two years: then, as he himself described it, he acted like a fool. He had late leave one night, at a period when his simmering mental irritation had nearly reached the boiling-point, and in a bar in the town he foregathered with three Scotch engineers from steam-tramps then lying in the roads. These men, who spent most of their lives in the stoke-hold of Chinese-owned crafts about as seaworthy as an eight-day clock and as evil-smelling as a sago-factory, sweating at every pore 'twixt grilling climate and blazing furnaces, saw fit to pity and deride the soldier on account of the misery of his lot. In unendurable fashion they contrasted his servitude with their freedom—save the mark! They chaffed him about the “leave” he was forced to ask ere he could even

spend an evening in a tavern of the town. They affected to whistle to him, that he might come to heel, declaring roundly that dogs had more liberty from their masters than a private is allowed by his officers. Ordinarily Gunner Stevenson would have contented himself with trying to break their bones, but in his then state of mind the taunts rang true, and the bitterness of things ate into his spirit. He fell to reciting the "Devil's Catechism," cursing the British Army from the Commander-in-Chief to the last and least of the drummer-boys, and wound up by vaingloriously announcing his utter willingness to fly in the face of Providence and the *King's Regulations*. The slow Scotsmen laughed in their grimy beards, and dared him to prove that he was really "game," whereupon Gunner Stevenson, after "spoiling the faces" of two of them, and borrowing a soiled suit of clothes from the third, tramped down to the docks and stowed himself away on board a ship bound for the French Colonies.

He awoke next morning with a sore head, a sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach, and an unshakable conviction that he was a fool such as is seldom seen. Also he counted ruefully the few dollars that he possessed, and thereafter gave himself up to despair and the agonies of sea-sickness.

The ship reached Saigon, and Stevenson, gaunt and miserable, with a rudimentary beard sprouting on his chin, sneaked ashore unobserved. In twenty-four hours from the time of his landing necessity combined with a lack of imagination had driven him to the nearest French recruiting office, where he was promptly enrolled in the corps which he ever afterwards spoke of as "The Legion of Strangers." He had quitted the British Army, leaving behind him a spotless defaulter-sheet and prospects of early promotion to non-

commissioned rank, because the life of a soldier had proved too irksome in its grinding monotony, and because for a moment or two Discipline had appeared to him as a Spectre of Tyranny; yet, in less than a week, he had of his own motion entered himself as a recruit to a regiment which offered scant promise of a career, and is ruled by its officers with an iron hand.

*La Légion Etrangère*, as everybody knows, is composed of men of all races of white folk, and of every degree of ruffianism and villany. Speaking generally, the soldiers in its ranks are the sweepings of the Continental races, the "casters" and loafers whom Fate has left stranded in the inhospitable ports of Eastern Asia or of Western Africa. The Legion serves only abroad; it acts as the police, judge, jury, and executioner in the lawless *Hinterlands* of the French Colonies; its members never earn or obtain leave of absence, or are transferred to other corps; nominally discharge can be won at the end of ten years' continuous duty, but few live to enjoy their freedom; vile climates and the native folk, whom the French designate collectively as "pirates," using up the legionaries with a startling rapidity. Cosmopolitan in character, composed of desperate and "broken" men, engaged constantly in unrecorded struggles with the enemies of France which her colonial administration has such an unhappy knack of creating, *La Légion Etrangère* bears a sinister reputation, but this is altogether eclipsed by that boasted by the officers who lead it. They are popularly supposed to be a pack of unlicked devils, the outcasts of society, erstwhile gentlemen who "have gone under," men whom ill-fortune has embittered, whom vice has ruined and made savage—Frenchmen who desire no longer to see France or to tread the boulevards of Paris.

Yet Gunner Stevenson, who is a



broad-minded person, had a good word to say for his comrades of the Legion. His charity was not large enough to include the Italians or the Levantines, but he pronounced the Swedes, Danes, Germans, Belgians and Frenchmen to be good fellows, who left a man in peace when once he had given proof of his ability to stand up for himself. The officers, though they came down upon defaulters "like a cartload of bricks," struck him as fine soldiers, dashing leaders, and very just in their dealings with the men. The promptness of their drum-head courts-martial, and with which they ordered captured "pirates" out for instant execution in big batches, appealed forcibly to his sense of the eternal fitness of things, and in other matters, of which he was perhaps a sounder judge, his criticisms reflected badly on the British Army. For instance, he was much struck by the marching powers of the corps, which he attributed in a great measure to the superior method of packing and disposing of the soldier's kit, for he told me that the boots served out were very poor things compared with the regulation "ammunition-boot" used in our Service. He had much more to say that was worth noting, but this is not the place in which to enlarge upon his opinion concerning things technical. Instead I must pass on to the description of the one big sensation experienced by him during the space that he served with "The Legion of Strangers."

This did not arise from the battles in which he took his share, for the "pirates" of the Tongking *Hinterland*, he said, used their rifles with little skill. These rifles, it should be mentioned, were mostly of Birmingham manufacture, being supplied by that trade which manages to sneak into every corner where the Flag is not. Most fights resolved themselves into a scattering squabble of musketry

spluttering over ten square miles of boulder-strewn hills, and it was only when a small detachment of the Legionaries lost their way and fell into the hands of the enemy that much harm came to them. On such occasions unspeakable things were done to the prisoners, but Gunner Stevenson, fortunately for himself, never met with such a disaster as this. Therefore the affair which chiefly impressed itself upon his memory was a private quarrel, which took a course altogether unlike anything to which his previous experience as a British soldier had accustomed him.

He had joined the Legion a few weeks prior to the outbreak of the war in South Africa, and some months elapsed before news of that event trickled through from the coast to the wilderness in which he was serving. It came accompanied by the rumor of appalling British disasters, jubilantly magnified and distorted by the press of Indo-China, which does not love the English, and it created a tremendous excitement among Stevenson's comrades.

From the first the new recruit had found that he was doomed to a life of great loneliness. He was the only Englishman in the ranks; he knew no French, though he contrived to pick up enough to carry him along; and the men were divided into a number of cliques. The Italians and the Levantine "scum," I quote Gunner Stevenson once more, herded together, and were despised by their fellows because they were believed to be folk of little courage. The Swedes and Danes associated almost exclusively with the Germans; the Frenchmen, who counted themselves as the *élite* of the non-descript mob, messed together, and gave most foreigners the cold shoulder. Stevenson, who, true to his birth, had been brought up to believe himself worth a dozen foreigners, naturally

claimed a place among the crack section of the corps, and attached himself to the Frenchmen, by whom, he said, he was treated with much kindness. When the word telling of war with the Boers reached the camp, however, his position became very difficult. All his comrades, he discovered, were fierce partisans of the Dutchmen, and cherished an instinctive hatred of England.

At that time, all the world over, men thought and talked of little save the war, wherefore Gunner Stevenson found his hand against all men and all men's hands against him, and was forced to listen to a great deal that was calculated to make an Englishman wince. He could not fight the whole regiment; the foreign tongue fettered him, and rendered him wholly inarticulate in argument; he could only curse and blaspheme in a language whose oaths brought no real consolation to his conservative British soul, and heartily wish himself back again in the great hot barrack-room whose monotony had driven him to madness.

His own mess-mates, the Frenchmen, seem to have shown something like courtesy to the stranger, and though they could not entirely repress their triumph in British mishaps, they did their best to refrain from being brutally offensive to the individual Britisher. We islanders are prone to believe that love of fair play is a virtue peculiarly our own, but the innate courtesy of the French—a quality in which many of us are woefully lacking—may often perhaps bring about the same results as the Englishman's cult of abstract justice. Anyhow, Gunner Stevenson, after living cheek by jowl during a particularly trying time with some of the worst blackguards of France, was reduced to a condition of gasping wonder at the forbearance which they showed him, and the tact displayed by the roughest

of them even when men's passions were stirred to an unusual degree.

That trouble must come sooner or later, since the war had given so adverse a turn to his circumstances, Stevenson saw clearly, and the fact oppressed him, for he recognized his utter ignorance of foreign manners and customs, and knew not at all what form the trouble might assume.

One day, however, the long-expected storm burst. A huge, hulking German, the recognized bully and cock of his mess, sauntered into the hut occupied by Stevenson and the Frenchmen. He put out a vast red hand and knocked the dominoes which the Englishman had standing before him on to the ground, accompanying the action by some luridly unprintable remarks concerning the origin, morals and appearance of the British nation as a whole, and of Stevenson, its solitary representative in "The Legion of Strangers."

The assault was so unprovoked and so direct that the Englishman lost his temper in a moment, and before he had time to think or calculate the consequences, had flown at the German, yelling to him "to put his hands up," and was knocking him endways with a pair of honest English fists striking out straight from his shoulders.

The German was fleshy, and the blows raised gratifying bruises and lumps all over his face, and Stevenson, the joy of battle dancing within him, found to his delight that he could pummel the giant where and how he chose, since the fellow had not a notion of the use to which fists can be put. His enjoyment was complete, but it was of short duration. A great hubbub arose, and half the occupants of the hut threw themselves on the combatants, and yelled shrill reproof at Stevenson for his murderous conduct. His best friends among the Frenchmen were seemingly the most shocked. They loudly deplored the savage bru-

ality of his conduct, while the German, looking dazed and surprised as though he had knocked up against a hidden volcano, was led off to his own mess by a band of protesting sympathizers.

The attitude manifested by public opinion was a sore puzzle to Stevenson. The man had offended him of set purpose, and had been badly thrashed for his pains. Surely that was logical cause and effect. Then wherefore was all this pother raised even by the most friendly of the Frenchmen? The thing was inexplicable. He had not originated the quarrel, but when it had been thrust upon him he had stood up for himself, and had speedily settled it once for all by licking the offensive German. The incident was closed, satisfactorily, creditably to himself, and as he believed finally.

This, however, was not the view taken by his comrades. Stevenson's British code of honor was completely satisfied, but not so that cherished by the *Légion Etrangère*. According to the legionaries the German had been within his rights in wantonly inflicting an insult upon the Englishman, and the latter had been justified in answering it with a blow. His misdemeanor lay in the fact that he had not contented himself with the singular number. To beat a man heartily and repeatedly with the naked fists was the act of a savage, a piece of barbarism which was utterly inexcusable. Such things were not permitted to happen among gentlemen. This and more also was explained to Stevenson, who scratched his head and strained his understanding, trying vainly to catch a single ray of intelligence through all the murky unreason.

"*Mais j'ai écrasé le coquin,*" he said again and again in his bewilderment. "*Alors c'est fini, n'est ce pas?*" But the suggestion was received with horrified denials. The incident was very far

indeed from being finished, it was barely begun. It had obviously been the desire of the German to provoke a challenge. The preliminaries, albeit Stevenson had sadly overplayed his part in them, were now complete, and it only remained to arrange a duel decently and in order.

But this view of the situation did not at all commend itself to Gunner Stevenson. He was ready enough to stand up to an enemy with the weapons God had given him, to administer or take a thrashing, and to shake hands heartily when all was over, but to fight a duel to the death was quite another business, and one moreover for which he was not in the least prepared. Having vanquished the flabby German with quite ridiculous ease, Stevenson felt that he now bore him no malice, and could afford to regard him with a friendly and half-contemptuous disdain. He had not the slightest desire to kill him: he was even less anxious to be killed by him. The whole affair was being lifted on to a plane of tragedy that was appalling. Also the moral aspect of the matter troubled him. If he were killed in the very act of trying to murder a man against whom he had now no spite, what would be his ultimate destination? The name of hell had often been on the lips of himself and his fellows in the British barrack-room, but the thing itself had never before appealed to him as a place into which he might unexpectedly step in the course of a few hours' time.

He seized his helmet, and hurriedly left the tent. He must think the difficult problem out, before he gave a final answer to his comrades, wherefore he took his way alone to a neighboring hillock, and sat himself down to smoke and ponder. He was very far from happy. All manner of things which had not recurred to his memory for years came crowding now into his

mind. He thought of the sheltered village far away in the trim West Country, that peaceful place of grassy hills, wooded combes, and deep, red lanes full of a fragrant coolness, where he had lived as a child; of the little church standing in the infinitely quiet God's acre; of the mother at whose knee he had learned the religion that had been so long neglected and forgotten, but was now obtruding itself upon him so unexpectedly. He was more than half ashamed of himself for dwelling on these things, was inclined to blush for them as weaknesses, but they rose up, one by one, to haunt him, and to influence his decision.

He must fight: that was certain, for if he refused his life would not be worth living. He would fight, but he would not *kill*. If he were to go before the Judgment Seat it should be with hands clean of blood. This resolution shaped itself unbidden, and smote him with surprise as being altogether out of keeping with his preconceived notion of himself. He had fancied that he was hardened, reckless, that his nerve was equal to most things, and that he was eminently capable of taking care of himself, and that he was not one likely to endanger his safety for the sake of a mere scruple. Yet now that he was brought face to face with something wholly unfamiliar and repellent to his instincts he found himself calmly accepting what he believed to be a death-sentence rather than take the life of a man who was in no way bound to him. He longed to sneak out of the duel, but pride of race made this impossible: he would very willingly have stifled the voice of his so suddenly awakened conscience, but to do this he was powerless: therefore, sorely against the grain, and feeling particularly sorry for himself, Gunner Stevenson knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and walked back to the camp.

A duel between men of the *Légion Etrangère* is a solemn rite the due performance of which is hedged about by great state and ancientry. There is no need for concealment, for it has the full approval of the authorities, and is said to have the effect of making fighting among the legionaries very unusual. The non-commissioned officer responsible for the section of the challenger goes to his Company's officer and makes elaborate report. He next begs for an order to draw two rounds of ball cartridge out of store, and asks leave for his men to be excused parade on the following morning, together with their seconds and a few others officially connected with the business in hand. All this was done on behalf of the burly German, for a Court of Honor (an anomalous thing, by the way, to find itself established in "The Legion of Strangers") had decided that the mauling to which that worthy had been subjected at the hands of the Englishman gave him the rights of the aggrieved party in the dispute.

In the chill of the early morning, therefore, Gunner Stevenson found himself standing, rifle in hand, thirty paces distant from his adversary, with half a dozen men of the Legion looking on from a little distance well out of the line of fire. There was a dank white mist swirling in slow eddies out of the hollows, but the light was fairly good, and Stevenson could plainly see every feature of the big German's face. It was horribly swollen and discolored, and one eye, which was well-nigh obliterated, glinted wickedly behind folds of purple flesh. Stevenson, who had spent a miserable night in anticipation of the coming ordeal, was quite horribly afraid, but the darkness of the morning falling on his already oppressed spirit froze him into a kind of cold despair. The matter, now that it had come to the point, seemed curiously prosaic and trivial; he had great

difficulty in realizing that he was himself intimately connected with it; somehow he felt something of the aloofness of a mere spectator, unthrilled by excitement, though all the while he was conscious of the fact that he was in the grip of a mortal fear.

His perceptions were sharpened wonderfully. Every object within view was seen with a distinctness of detail which was abnormal, and each one of them seemed to possess a peculiar and insistent interest for him. He noted every stain on the canvas fatigue-kit of his enemy, and caught himself wondering how and by what each one of them had been caused; he spied a mole with coarse hairs sprouting from it on the man's left cheek, and marvelled that the man did not pluck them out instead of leaving such unsightly things to offend the eye; and then he noticed, this time with a shock of astonishment, that the fellow's hands were shaking. Till then Stevenson, inconsequently enough, had felt convinced that he alone was afraid: now it occurred to him suddenly that the German was in no better case. The discovery elated him in an extraordinary fashion. At once he cocked his head, threw back his shoulders, and tried to smile. Regarded as a smile it was a deplorable failure, for the muscles of his face were very stiff in the sockets, but in the circumstances it was not discreditable, and it obviously discomposed the German.

"*Etes-vous prêts?*" rasped out the voice of the non-commissioned officer. Stevenson, made aware suddenly of the intense preoccupation in which he had been sunk, started violently, nearly dropping his rifle, as he mumbled an unintelligible assent. The German jerked a sound out of himself, half pant, half grunt.

"*Un!*" cried the voice again. The men raised their rifles to their shoulders, and Stevenson found himself in-

stinctively cuddling his chin into the stock in search of an easy position.

"*Deux!*" He glanced along the dully glinting barrel, and saw at an enormous distance, so it seemed, a shining silver ring suspended in mid-air, encircling a spot of inky blackness. The ring danced this way and that, up and down and from side to side, in a manner which made Stevenson dizzy to watch. The big bruised face of the German, contorted by spasms, leered above it with wide open jaw, as though he were trying to catch that circle of metal in his teeth.

"*Trois!*" What immense pauses occurred between each word! The ring was revolving madly now, whirling round and round and shooting forth long rays of light of all the colors of the prism, and in that whirling aureola the face of the German was seen monstrous and grimacing, and suddenly grey beneath the purple patches of bruise. Stevenson, in a condition bordering on a hypnotic trance, kept his eyes fixed upon that wheel of blazing flames, the core of which was the tiny silver circle, and almost lost the sense of his own identity. He seemed to be floating in space, drawn irresistibly towards that point of dazzling light, while something throbbed and pulsed, like the engine of a motor-car, filling the world with a great din. It was the sound of his own heart-beats that deafened him.

"*Feu!*"

At last the long torture was ended, the supreme moment had come. Yet for an instant nothing happened. Then the heavens rocked to the roar of a mighty detonation. Stevenson heard something scream in his ear, and felt a cold breath upon his cheek. He had shut his eyes, and dropped his finger from the trigger. Now he opened them, and dropped his rifle to the ready. He looked for the German, and for a minute failed to find him. The



silver ring with its circle of gyrating flames had vanished. A fat ungainly figure was kneeling on the ground shouting for mercy, its useless rifle thrown aside.

Then at last Stevenson arrived at an understanding of what had happened. The German had fired and had missed his aim. He was now completely at the mercy of the Englishman. For the life of him Stevenson, his calm and his self-confidence miraculously restored, could not forbear to raise his rifle, and take deliberate aim at the squirming wretch before him. But the agony which he caused made him convict himself of brutality, and he presently dropped his rifle to the carry,

Temple Bar.

opened the breech and jerked the loaded cartridge on to the grass at his feet.

"And that was the end of my duel with the German in the Legion of Strangers, sir," he said to me. "And though we were neither of us hurt, I had had more than I wanted. I deserted soon after, and gave myself up to my old Battery, and my major treated me real well, so I'm like to get my stripes before long. You take it from me, sir, there are worse places than a barrack-room of the British Army. I don't hold with having too much truck with foreigners, a man don't know where to have 'em, not after what I have gone through in 'The Legion of Strangers!'"

Hugh Clifford, C.M.G.

## LOVE-MAKING, OLD AND NEW.

The other day, while glancing down the columns of "Answers to Correspondents" in a journal of repute, we came across one to this effect:—"Regina (Malvern).—Has your *fiancé* read Lecky's 'Map of Life'? It is not at all difficult to read, and seems just what he wants. With regard to philosophy and logic, there are several excellent elementary works published dealing with these subjects, notably Jevons's little book on logic, which has not yet been superseded by more pretentious works." Now here we evidently have a young lady desirous of educating her *fiancé* up to her own standard, and calling in aid from outside to her assistance. Is not this a significant change indeed from the old-fashioned days when the hero of a book had the heroine intellectually under his thumb, so to speak, for the whole three volumes? We all know the delightful way in which our fa-

vorite works of fiction used to undulate along. The hero makes the acquaintance of a beautiful, blushing girl, whose simple white robes are as innocent and sweet as her maiden fancies. How happy a destiny, he thinks (in chap. 2), to be entrusted with the care and guardianship of this delicate flower! He then proceeds to the wooing, and after sufficient incident to justify the three volumes, the heroine disappears from our delighted gaze on the stalwart arm of her gallant husband.

Or perhaps there was another variety of entertainment offered to the public. The heroine is a self-willed, impulsive, yet withal radiant personality, who is determined to dislike the hero, while he on his part is determined to overcome that aversion and turn it into a "warm regard." (How the familiar words come back to one!) For our own part, this second *motif* was

by far the favorite. We all know the methods employed by the stern, self-contained, unbending hero to subdue his chosen lady,—the request that she will not ride the black horse, "Tippoo," without his consent, and the catastrophe that follows when Lady Disdain mounts "Tippoo," and is thrown on a desolate moor,—desolate for all *she* knows, that is, for the hero, superbly mounted on an equally ferocious steed "Surajah Dowlah," appears on the scene at once, and supports his self-willed lady-love to one of those convenient little cottages of fiction that are occupied by obliging old women who provide a spotless parlor and an easy chair for the heroine to listen to her lecture in. After a delightful little meal, in which wild strawberries and bowls of milk play an important part, the heroine is taken home riding meekly by the side of her cavalier, whose presence has a magical effect upon Master "Tippoo." But the book is not all taken up with pleasure excursions by any means. Far from it. The hero devotes most of his time to training the mind of his lady-love, who is gently led on from point to point till he can congratulate himself on having taken her through a modified College course.

There must be some who remember the methods employed by John in "The Wide, Wide World" to fit Ellen to be his consort,—the pages of history which she had to peruse, the French moral anecdotes that he told in society with a keen eye for signs of intelligent participation on Ellen's speaking countenance, and the astronomical studies which she had to say she liked. In another book by the same gifted authoress we are told, speaking of the heroine, that the hero "took her hands from pots and pans and put into them philosophies"; while in another charming work the honeymoon

was devoted to the study of Hebrew. But those days, it would seem, are past. The present-day heroine has changed all that. It is her turn now to teach French, and she begins with an easy little phrase that any man can master in a few seconds,—*Place aux dames*. Nor is she behindhand in the teaching of philosophy. Modern heroes have to learn a good deal of it. Can we imagine the heroine of the present day submitting to dictation in the way that was the joy of her predecessors? If the modern hero were to presume to offer advice, he would find himself in a book within a month as an interesting psychological study. Or could we imagine, say, Miss Fowler's heroines sitting meekly with their needlework, picking up such crumbs of wit and wisdom as their *fiancés* might let fall within their reach? No, indeed, the heroine of the twentieth century will not submit to be bored by any one, least of all by her reigning *fiancé*. And here we touch upon the chief difference between the old and the new style. The old-fashioned works of fiction to which we have alluded were planned on a simple method that left nothing to be desired. Every Ellen had her John, so to speak, and there was the whole plot at a glance. But the modern heroine knows better than that. It is almost necessary to keep a slip of paper in one's book to help one to remember which is the present *fiancé*, so that there may be no needless confusion of thought and the reader's mind left free to grapple with the mental crises and problems of the heroine. Modern novel-readers will sympathize with the little girl who, on reading Mignet's "French Revolution" for the first time, asked wearily, "Hada't I better put an asterisk against the names of those who weren't guillotined?" Some of us find it very difficult to remember who were

guillotined by the heroine and who were not.

Again, we have mentioned the problems and mental crises of the modern heroine. In present-day fiction the heroine calculates to a nicety the feelings with which she regards the hero. "To love, or not to love? that is the question," she muses, as in the seclusion of her apartment she reviews the situation. Tom is a dear boy, there is no doubt about it; he rides well, talks sense, and has the very nicest motor-car she knows, but he did not seem very intelligent about Ibsen, and could she look forward to spending her life with a man who only knows Maeterlinck by name, and who has no interest in Buddhism? Or suppose there has been a disagreement, and two seemingly devoted lovers (who have even taken us in) are separated, what happens? The heroine retires from observation for half an hour (she is not to be interrupted for that space of time unless the proofs come from the printer's or the photographer's) and takes stock of the damage done

*The Spectator.*

to her heart. If the novel has been entitled "Passions and Problems," or some such title, the heart will prove to have been decidedly cracked but, as with old china, that only makes it more valuable. She adds one more experience to her rosary and travels on like a giant refreshed.

Now could any one imagine the old-fashioned heroine behaving in this way? Could one picture Ellen trifling with John's affection? Sooner could we imagine the daisies refusing to lift their little heads to the sun! Rather was the engagement a time of probation, which if satisfactorily passed through by the heroine led to the higher school of marriage, when the visiting teacher was transformed into the resident tutor. The times have indeed changed since those days. The scales are held more evenly now. Gentle Ellen Montgomery, doubtless resting humbly at John's feet in Carra-Carra churchyard, you are avenged! The whirligig of time has brought in his revenges.

---

## THE PRETENDED SCIENCE OF ASTROLOGY.

"The splendid imposture of Judicial Astrology"—to use Scott's phrase—seems to be again rearing its head, and another magazine devoted to it has just been added to those already published in London. No doubt its readers will be drawn exclusively from the large class of persons who, either from superstition and ignorance on the one hand, or from mysticism on the other, habitually give their belief without waiting for their reason to be convinced. Yet there is not at first sight any inherent absurdity in the

theory that lies at the base of all astrological doctrine. If we assume—and the facts are so far entirely in favor of the assumption—that the constitutions and temperaments of individuals differ from one another in particulars for which heredity is an insufficient explanation, it is consistent with all that we know of the universe that these variations occur in some regular and predetermined order. That this order can have anything to do with the stars may, indeed, appear a fantastic imagining; but when we

consider that the movements of the heavenly bodies have always formed and probably will always form man's chief measure of time, a connection is seen that was not at first apparent. If we look upon the stars as the hands of a gigantic clock, and the different varieties of individual constitution as assigned to different moments of cosmical time, we have a perfectly consistent theory of the action of the stars upon the individual. All that would then remain to establish the theory on a scientific basis, would be to note the variations of constitution that correspond to different moments of cosmical time, and to deduce from them the order in which they occur and recur. As we shall presently see, this is a process that has never been followed by any devotee of the so-called science of astrology.

The means adopted by astrologers for ascertaining the relative positions of the heavenly bodies at the birth of the individual—which in their jargon is called casting a horoscope—are extremely simple. The Zodiac or apparent path traced by the sun in his yearly course through certain constellations is its basis, and their first care is to note the particular part of the Zodiac which appears on the horizon at the moment of birth. The Zodiac is then divided into twelve parts called "houses," and the places of the "planets," including in this phrase the sun and moon, with reference to the Zodiac are next ascertained and inserted in their respective houses. When this is complete, the astrologer has a tolerably correct diagram of the heavens as they would appear at the birth to a person standing upon the earth at the particular spot where the birth takes place. This geocentric way of looking at things is to be accounted for by the fact that when men first began to cast horoscopes, they imagined the earth to be the centre of the universe, but

viewing the whole process as a means of fixing a given moment of cosmical time, it is at least as good as any other. The places of the stars and planets were before the rise of Greek astronomy ascertained by actual inspection of the sky, but can now be determined to the fraction of a second by spherical trigonometry. But there is no occasion for the astrologer to be even acquainted with this. Thanks to the ephemerides, or almanacks giving the daily place of the heavenly bodies, issued for the use of navigators, and to the invention of logarithms, all the data required for casting a horoscope can be acquired by anyone acquainted with the elementary rules of arithmetic. It would, therefore, cost nothing but a little patience for anyone to form a *corpus* or collection of horoscopes of individuals the time of whose birth can be accurately ascertained, and from them to deduce the canon of any correspondence that might appear between the configuration of the heavenly bodies and the accidents of their lives.

It is not, however, in this way that the pretended science of astrology is constituted. When the horoscope is cast, it has to be judged or interpreted—or in other words, the bodily form, mental peculiarities, and the leading events likely to happen to the "native" or person for whom it is cast have to be predicted from its appearance. But the rules by which this prediction is made are derived not from any systematic collection and observation of facts, but from tradition, and this tradition can be traced in essential points to one source. With the single exception of predictions arising out of the movements of the planets Uranus and Neptune, which were undiscovered three centuries ago, this one source is the *Tetrabiblos* of Ptolemy, a work which cannot, on any hypothesis, be assigned to an earlier date than 140

A.D. It is from this work that we learn that the planets Mars and Saturn have a "hostile" or malefic influence, Jupiter and Venus a friendly or benefic, and the other planets a varying influence upon the fortunes of the native. From the same source we hear that the "aspect" or figure formed by these planets with each other and with the earth is sometimes good and sometimes evil, the "trine" or angle of  $120^\circ$  and the "sextile" or angle of  $60^\circ$  being favorable, and the "square" or angle of  $90^\circ$  and its double the opposition being unfavorable; and further, that the houses or divisions of the Zodiac in which they are found have each their significance. Thus, it is said that the first house or "ascendant" is connected with the nature, life and health of the native, the second house, or that next to rise, with his fortune, the third with his relations, and so on. As to the new planets Uranus and Neptune, they are, apparently, kept in reserve as a kind of "bisque" or extra stroke to be taken when the unfortunate astrologer might otherwise find his predictions falsified by the facts, it having from the first been decided by the practitioners of the science that the influence of Uranus was spasmodic and violent, while that of Neptune is said to be, on the whole, fortunate. On these few simple rules, all astrological predictions are based.

When we are thus referred to a single source for all the rules of a so-called science, it behoves us to examine this source carefully, and it is here that the word imposture can be most justly used with reference to astrology. For the evidence that would connect the name of Ptolemy with the rules above sketched is such as would not satisfy the most conservative of critics. There was, indeed, a Claudius Ptolemy who flourished in Alexandria about the middle of the second century, and who has left us works on

geography and astronomy which are for all time magnificent contributions to science. His *Syntaxis* or *Almagest*—to call it by its Arabic name—gives us, although founded on a misconception of the planet's orbits, a perfectly trustworthy system of measuring the heavens and formed upon its first appearance the basis of the science of navigation. But throughout this magnificent work there is no word or hint of astrology, nor anything to induce us to suppose that the author is responsible for the farrago of rubbish known as the *Tetrabiblos*. Neither have we any contemporary MSS. of the astrological treatise which masquerades under the name of the great astronomer. The mediæval copies from which modern astrologers have derived their tradition are confessedly a paraphrase of the original treatise attributed, on I know not what grounds, to Proclus the Neoplatonist, who lived three centuries later than Ptolemy; while the only MS. which does not bear the name of Proclus is so condensed that it is plainly only the epitome of a longer one. And when we look at the text of either the paraphrase or the epitome, we see that it is impossible that their original could have been written by anyone with any astronomical knowledge at all. The writer, after referring at great length to the traditions of the Egyptian and the Chaldean astrologers, whose doctrines, as we know from Sextus Empiricus, differed in many material points, casts aside any attempt to ascertain accurately the state of the heavens at birth, and advocates instead a mode of ascertaining the zodiacal degree on the horizon, which is about as rational as leaving it to be decided by the tossing up of a halfpenny. And in his attribution of certain influences to the different planets, aspects, and houses, it is plain that he is guided not by observation, but by mystical motives which have



no foundation in reason whatever. His view of the influence of the planets is dictated by the supposed characteristics of the heathen gods whose names they bear, while the supposed virtues and vices of the aspects are derived from a mystical theory of numbers which attributes good qualities to the odd and evil to the even ones. Any unprejudiced person who will take the

*The Academy.*

trouble to look at the works of James Wilson, perhaps the only modern writer on astrology who has permitted himself to speak frankly on the matter, will agree with him that the system of the Tetrabiblos is "evidently a system of Divination in which no real operation of Nature is included, except in a figurative sense."

*F. Legge.*

---

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

---

The Longmans have nearly ready "The Life and Letters of Max Muller" edited by his wife and filling two volumes.

It is announced that the Rev. W. H. Hutton is arranging for publication a volume of letters of the late Bishop Stubbs, with a memoir.

A literary enterprise of unusual daring is that of Mr. Daniel Rees who, as an apostle of the Welsh literary movement, is making a complete translation into Welsh of Dante's "Divina Commedia."

There is an active discussion in Germany regarding the wisdom of founding an Academy on the lines of the French Academy. Some of the older men, such as Paul Heyse, Paul Lindau and Adolf Wildbrandt are against the scheme.

Gratitude profound certainly awaits the editor and publishers who are preparing an "Index and Epitome" of the "Dictionary of National Biography." Every article in the larger work will be represented in the smaller, but the length of the epitomized articles will

be about one-twelfth that of the original ones.

A history of the Smith family is announced in England. It undertakes to furnish a popular account of the various branches of the family, however their names may be spelt, from the fourteenth century downwards, but no hint is given of the number of volumes which will be required to carry out this plan.

An English publisher has just issued a reprint of Tennyson's "Enid and Nimuë." This volume, first printed in 1857, was recalled by the author: six copies only are known to have existed, and the one in the British Museum, which contain many autograph corrections, is supposed to be the only surviving copy. "Enid" finally developed into "The Marriage of Geraint" and "Geraint and Enid" and "Nimuë" into "Merlin and Vivien."

The collection of the Greek Christian writers of the first three centuries, which the Berlin Academy of Sciences in 1896 undertook to publish, has been definitely distributed to the various editors. The whole work will

contain about fifty volumes, six of which have already appeared, and it is hoped that the series will be completed in fourteen years. Among the volumes announced as nearly ready for publication are Origen's "Commentary on St. John," "The Coptic Gnostic Writings," and "The Church History of Eusebius."

Not a few readers of "George Madden Martin's" "Emmy Lou" stories, which first appeared in McClure's Magazine and have recently been gathered into a volume by McClure, Phillips & Co., must have marveled that a mere man could have portrayed so skillfully a little girl. But the mystery is explained by the announcement that the stories are the work of "Mrs. George Madden Martin," who for some reason chose to drop the prefix from her signature.

Under the title "The Coming City," T. Y. Crowell & Co. publish a lecture on municipal problems and ideals, by Richard T. Ely, Ph.D. This is a modest but well-considered contribution to the discussion of one of the most urgent problems of American life, a problem growing all the more urgent because of the increasing drift of population citywards. The book is hardly more than an outline of the subject, but it is very suggestive, especially in what it has to say regarding the possibility of municipal administration as a profession.

The primitive life of the natives of the Far North, as it has been modified by contact with the "civilization" brought by explorers, traders, trappers and miners, is the theme of a series of short stories which Jack London calls "Children of the Frost." The cynical will contend that the author has imputed to his characters a range of emotions higher than accords with

the facts in the case, but artistically his book must be counted a success. The figures are admirably grouped; the descriptions are brilliant; and the tragedy that inevitably impends is lightened now and then—as in "The Master of Mystery"—by gleams of real humor. Above all, the stories are absorbingly interesting. The Macmillan Co.

The Westminster Gazette has reprinted the "Confessions" which Zola wrote a few years ago in a lady's album, and which were originally published in the "Revue Illustré." Here are some of them:

The way I should like to die,  
Suddenly.  
My favorite occupation, Work.  
What would be my greatest misfortune,  
To be in doubt.  
What I should like to be,  
Always in good health.  
My favorite prose authors,  
Those who see and express clearly.  
My favorite poets,  
Those who see and express clearly.  
My favorite painters,  
Those who see and express clearly.  
My favorite composers,  
Those who see and express clearly.  
My favorite heroes in fiction,  
Those who are not heroes.

Burton Egbert Stevenson is coming well to the front among our crowd of writers of historical novels, and "The Heritage" will add to the reputation which "A Soldier of Virginia" won for him. Beginning in Virginia as the planters there are struggling to repair their fortunes after the Revolutionary War, the story follows two daring young adventurers who go out to the Ohio territory to take up claims. Told in the first person by one of them, it describes St. Clair's disastrous defeat among the Indians, and, later, Wayne's successful campaign against them. A glint of romance brightens the narrative, and the style is marked

not only by the dash indispensable to a novel of this order, but by a delicacy grateful as it is unexpected. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

There seems to be a flavor of malice in this story which "The Academy" tells "with profuse apologies":

"It comes, we understand, from the lips of a gentleman connected at many points with the world of letters who, in his few moments of convivial leisure, has added to the gaiety of literary London. 'Sometimes,' he was heard to say, 'sometimes in the middle of the night I awake. It may be two, it may be three o'clock. Everything is very still; the world is asleep. But leaning on my elbow I listen, and in the darkness I hear Sir Gilbert Parker climbing—climbing—climbing.'"

Two great poems are the subjects of companion volumes of criticism and suggestion which T. Y. Crowell & Co. publish in the dainty typography of the Merrymount Press, with illuminated initial letters and page headings. In one, under the title "The Elegy of Faith" Mr. William Rader presents a thoughtful and sympathetic study of Tennyson's "In Memoriam"; in the other, Mr. William Adams Slade, of the Library of Congress, treats in a similar spirit Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra" which he contrasts, as a serene expression of optimism, with the pessimism of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

Mr. Albert B. Olston's "Mind Power and Privileges" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) is an exposition of some of the modern theories of the occult, especially with reference to the action of the mind upon the body. Such subjects as telepathy, suggestion, auto-suggestion, hypnotism, habits of thought, the claims of "Christian Science" and mental healing are discussed with an attempt to combine scientific accu-

racy with clearness of statement. The author's purpose is less to defend or attack theories than to convey information and narrate the results of experiments. As a consideration of subjects which are at present under investigation from many different points of view, the volume will secure attentive reading.

In the recently published reminiscences of Herman Merivale there is a delightful story of Thackeray:

The two gentlemen were walking once together through the Exhibition of 1862, when they came upon a school of little girls in gray, with very wide open eyes indeed, improving their harmless little minds under their mistress' guidance, in a quaint row of two and two. Thackeray stopped when he saw the little maidens, and they stopped, too, and bobbed. "How many little girls are there?" he asked the mistress. "Four and twenty, sir." "Four and twenty little girls! They must have four and twenty sixpences to buy four and twenty little things with." And the procession was stayed till he had got all the change for himself, and himself deposited a bright sixpence in every tiny hand. The eight and forty eyes grew very large and bright, and the chorus of "Thank you, sir!" very sweet and general. Then the procession passed.

It is the "happy thought"—to borrow Mr. Burnand's expression—of Mr. Joseph B. Gilder to bring together in one volume, under the title "The American Idea" the most characteristic and important expositions of American principles made by American statesmen,—in official documents or otherwise. Here we have the Declaration of Independence, the articles of Confederation, the Constitution of the United States, Washington's inaugurals and farewell address, the Monroe doctrine as set forth by President Monroe

in 1823, Lincoln's Cooper Institute speech, inaugurals, proclamation of emancipation and speech at Gettysburg, Webster's Bunker Hill speech, the last speech of President McKinley, and selections from the addresses of Lowell, Cleveland, Roosevelt, Hoar and Hay. Altogether it is an inspiring and useful volume, serviceable for ready reference and stimulating for occasional reading. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The "Early Prose Writings of James Russell Lowell" published by John Lane, and furnished with a prefatory note by Dr. Edward Everett Hale and an introduction by Walter Littlefield, comprise essays and sketches which have been uncollected hitherto or are now out of print. Most of them first appeared in "The Boston Miscellany" and others in "The Pioneer"—periodicals which long ago passed into the limbo of unappreciated literary ventures, but which engaged many of the brightest and most ambitious writers of their day. Mr. Lowell's fine literary taste led him to be somewhat overcritical with reference to his earlier writings, else part of this material would be found in the authorized editions of his works. If these early essays of his have some of the qualities of immaturity, they have also enough of the author's discrimination, sympathy and felicity of expression to redeem them from the commonplace.

There would seem to be almost as great a mania for compact biographies as for historical romances, to judge from the number of different series of books of this kind now in course of publication. The latest, "The Temple Biographies" is certainly comprehensive in its scope, since it is to include monographs on men and women of all times and countries who have lived

worthy and helpful lives. The first three volumes are upon subjects so diverse as Robert Browning, Mazzini, and Mr. G. F. Watts.

It is a novel and fascinating field of investigation to which Mr. Archer Butler Hulbert invites the reader in his series of monographs on "The Historic Highways of America." He takes as his motto the words written by Horace Bushnell long ago: "All creative action, whether in government, industry, thought or religion, creates Roads"; and he undertakes to trace American history so far as it may be followed along the highways of war, commerce and social expansion. The initial volume is upon the "Paths of the Mound-Building Indians and Great Game Animals" and in it he shows to what a marvellous degree we are indebted to the instinct of the buffalo for finding passage-ways through the mountains, and marking out trails which have been adopted first by highways and then by railways in the evolution of transportation. He traces also the part which the mound-building Indians took in opening the great thoroughfares on the water-sheds of America; and examines the archaeological remains which mark their lines of migration. The author draws upon knowledge gathered through years of patient archaeological research, and he writes with an enthusiasm which marks him as a Nature-lover as well as a student of men. A second volume will be devoted to "Indian Thoroughfares"; a third to Washington's Road, on which he made his night march from Fort Necessity, and so on through sixteen volumes, the last of which will furnish an index to the series. The work is published in attractive form by the Arthur H. Clark Company of Cleveland.

## VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

The soul-impressive voice of Nature  
clings

About the earth, even when the day  
is sped,

And from the heart of darkness  
there is shed

An influence of immaterial things.

Hark, how the silence from the river  
sings,

And in the valley whence life  
seemeth fled

There is abroad a spirit as if the  
dead

Were communing in haunted whisper-  
ings.

O Joy made spiritual, now at length

I hold thee fast here where the  
mountain height,

And the dim starlit windings of  
the vale,

And the dark hill-heads where the  
winds win strength,

And the far cataract falling through  
the night,

Whisper of God no visionary tale.

## "PORT O' MANY SHIPS."

"It's a sunny pleasant anchorage is  
Kingdom Come,

Where crews is always layin' aft for  
double-tots o' rum,

'N' there's dancin' 'n' fiddlin' of ev'ry  
kind o' sort,

It's a fine place fer sailer-men is that  
there port.

'N' I wish—

I wish as I was there.

"The winds is never nothin' more than  
jest light airs,

'N' no-one gets belayin'-pinned, 'n' no-  
one ever swears,

Yer free to loaf an' laze around, yer  
pipe atween yer lips,

Lollin' on the fo'c's'le, sonny, lookin'  
at the ships.

'N' I wish—

I wish as I was there.

"For ridin' in the anchorage the ships  
of all the world

Have got one anchor down 'n' all sails  
furl'd.

All the sunken hookers 'n' the crews as  
took 'n' died

They lays there merry, sonny, swingin'  
to the tide.

'N' I wish—

I wish as I was there.

"Drowned old wooden hookers green  
wi' drippin' wrack

Ships as never fetched to port, as never  
came back,

Swingin' to the blushin' tide: dippin' to  
the swell,

'N' the crews all singin', sonny, beatin'  
on the bell.

'N' I wish—

I wish as I was there."

*John Masfield.*

*The Speaker.*

## THE DEAD LETTER.

The letter came at last. I carried it  
To the deep woods unopened. All the  
trees

Were hushed, as if they waited what  
was writ,

And feared for me. Silent they let me  
sit

Among them; leaning breathless while  
I read,

And bending down above me where  
they stood.

A long way off I heard the delicate  
tread

Of the light-footed loiterer, the breeze,  
Come walking toward me in the leafy  
wood.

I burned the page that brought me  
love and woe.

At first it writhed to feel the spires of  
flame.

Then lay quite still; and o'er each  
word there came

Its white ghost of the ash, and burn-  
ing slow

Each said: "You cannot kill the spirit;  
know

That we shall haunt you, even till  
heart and brain

Lie as we lie in ashes—all in vain."

*Edward Rowland Sill.*



